

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1592

JUNE 2, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

1,592.—VOL. LXI.
Illustrated as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1900

FORTY PAGES

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



Siege Games in Mafeking.

In the native town one sees the children playing at sieges and bombardments in cunningly-made loop-holed earthworks - their artilling being whippy sticks which project lumps of clay with great force and precision - From this idea we evolved the system, which we used with great effect, - of throwing dynamite bombs from the end of a long bamboo into the enemy's trenches.



Megaphones were made locally and largely used in the defence of Mafeking. Men in detached and advanced trenches were thus able to communicate with their supporting works. After they used them - especially at night - to create alarms in the enemy's trenches.

Nothing can better illustrate the gallant General's cuteness, than these sketches of "Siege Games in Mafeking," and his ready adoption of the crude idea of the native children's game, as one of his many schemes, to outwit the slininess of the wily Boer. Here the value of the artist comes in. With all the natural cleverness of the scout, with which the General is so highly endowed, we doubt whether he would have had the power to seize such ideas without that quickness of eye and that power of observing trifles which are only to be acquired by the steady use of a sketch book. There can be no question had the popular "B.P." exchanged his sword in early life for pencil and paint-brush he would have achieved as great a success in the world of art as he has now attained as a military commander.

SIEGE GAMES IN MAFEKING

FACSIMILE OF NOTE AND SKETCHES BY MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL SENT FROM MAFEKING APRIL 3

Topics of the Week

Will the Boers Prove Irreconcilable?

Now that the British flag is flying over Transvaal territory the end, so far as the soldier is concerned, is already in view. But that end, after all, will only be the end of the beginning. It has been the soldiers' task to destroy. Upon the ruins of the old order a new edifice has to be reared, and for the accomplishment of that task we have to look to the statesman. How far, or rather how quickly, his task will prove successful is, perhaps a doubtful question. All depends on whether the Boers will prove irreconcilable or not. The question is, of course, one on which no positive expression of opinion is possible; but if we may judge by past experiences and by the circumstances of the present war there is very good reason to take an optimistic view of the chances of an enduring Boer submission. Since the battle of Boomplatz, all our troubles with the Boers on both sides of the Vaal have been due to the intrigues of a very small number of men, most of whom were foreigners. The Free State Boers submitted freely and wholeheartedly after the annexation of 1850, and even protested against their abandonment when they were given their independence. This does not show that a very strong antipathy to British sovereignty is normal in the Boer character. The Transvaal Boers, although belonging to a more turbulent class—turbulent chiefly because they were not settled—never showed in the mass a deeply rooted hatred of the Englishman. They acquiesced willingly, and almost thankfully, in the annexation of 1877, and when they were induced to rebel it was chiefly through the inflammatory misrepresentations of immigrant Fenians and Hollanders. This was always Sir Bartle Frere's fixed conviction, and he had the best opportunities of forming his opinion. Again, if we review our recent troubles with the Transvaal, we find only the drama of 1881 played out on a larger scale. In 1881 the figurehead was President Kruger, but the men who pulled the strings were foreigners. In 1889 it has been the same. Dr. Leyds was the Aylward of his day. As for the Boer masses they have been deluded, and it is not likely that so acute a people will fail to see it. That they will kiss the rod as quickly as they were disposed to do in 1877 is not likely, for since then they have enjoyed long years of tranquil and prosperous independence, and old habits are not easily changed. But they are a good-tempered and unambitious people at bottom and if they find that their new rulers do no worse than the old alien Government at Pretoria, it is probable that they will eventually settle down to their new life without the remotest idea of a change. The duty of this country is to reckon with this disposition, and to prove by a conciliatory policy that Englishmen are not the ogres they have been represented by the Pretorian oligarchy. The average Boer has, in our opinion, only to forsake this last delusion to become a law-abiding British citizen.

Education in the Metropolis

THE Board of Education is to be congratulated on the very excellent report on Metropolitan education that has just been issued by the senior chief inspector. In the first place, Mr. King's report possesses a merit, rare in Government publications, in that it is brief. As contrasted with the bulky volumes in which most Government departments delight, this little pamphlet, which can be purchased for twopence-halfpenny, is a veritable godsend. One of the first points on which stress is laid is the decline in the school population of London proper. The inner ring is being, or has been, filled up, and houses and people are pushed farther and farther into the adjoining counties. Thus, in the School Board district, which embraces the whole of the County of London, there is a slight drop in the number of children of school age. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to learn that more and more children are voluntarily staying on at school after they have passed the age of compulsory attendance. For these elder children the school authorities wisely insist that manual training for both boys and girls shall form part of the curriculum. The importance of this requirement need not be emphasised. It is interesting, however, to note that there is a reaction among educational experts on the question of teaching what are called "practical" subjects to the exclusion of what our ancestors used to call the "humanities." As Mr. King remarks, in Scotland literary subjects have always been considered of the first importance, and no one can accuse the Scotch of being imperfectly equipped for the practical work of their lives. An important part of the report deals with the question of school buildings, and a protest is made against the way in which money has often been needlessly wasted on bricks and mortar. On the other hand, Mr. King strongly urges the importance of plenty of air and good light. In the summer it is satisfactory to learn that in most classrooms the lighting is now good, but on foggy winter days the artificial light provided is quite inadequate. That is a matter which should be remedied at once, even if the cost should be considerable. The nation is guilty of what may fairly be called a crime if it compels children to study under conditions that impair good eyesight—a possession far more important to them than the knowledge of the letters of the alphabet. On the whole, however, the report is most encouraging. It

shows what an immense amount of good work has been done, and before we impatiently grumble at the cost it is well to reflect that we are already receiving part of our money back in the diminution of crime and the increased self-respect of the poorer classes.

The Crescent and the Cross

THE international disquietude consequent upon the death of the Grand Vizier of Morocco would be a sufficiently serious matter by itself. The German Press has already taken alarm lest French filibustering expeditions from Algeria should trespass on Morocco proper. Indeed, there is some doubt whether this has not already happened at one place beyond the broad margin of debatable land. But a far graver matter is the coincidence of this menacing complication with a general outburst of Mahomedan fanaticism throughout Northern Africa. Mahdis are cropping up in all directions, and whenever one of these troublesome saints appears he quickly gathers a more or less formidable following. The most important and influential by far is that very sacred personage, El Senonissi, and it is not comforting to learn that he has taken to preaching a jihad. There is another Mahdi, but of much less renown, somewhere in the French Soudan, while yet another, coming from Tripoli, threatens to descend on El Obeid and make things hot for the infidels in the Nile Valley. Some authorities suspect, too, that the rising in Ashantiland had its origin in the Mahomedan fermentation. Be that as it may, there are plenty of indications that the Crescent meditates a fresh trial of strength with the Cross, and although the struggle could have only one ending, it might be prolonged for some years. This revolt of Islam is, too, purely spontaneous; it is not the product of Turkish statecraft, but apparently has come into being solely through the conviction of African Mahomedans that the time has come to make stern fight for the faith which, before the Christian Powers divided the Dark Continent among themselves, was carrying all before it over the ruins of paganism.

Our Silent Highway

ALL Londoners will wish well to the County Council's scheme for supplying the Thames with an efficient steamboat service, always provided that it can be accomplished without any further inflation of the rates. With such a splendid river flowing in the middle of the metropolis, it is little short of a national scandal that it should be made very little use of for the relief of pedestrian traffic in the streets. In other great cities, not nearly so favourably circumstanced as regards their waterways, the conveyance of passengers by river is found to be a fairly remunerative undertaking. At one time, too, even halfpenny fare steamers plying, if our recollection serves, between Westminster and London Bridge earned good profits. Unfortunately, one of these cheap craft blew up, and the service suffered such a loss of popularity in consequence that the company had to go on the retired list. Many others successively succeeded to the business, but all were governed, more or less, by the idea that the travelling public would put up with unpunctuality, over-crowding, lack of seats, and absence of shelter in wet weather, sooner than go to and from business by land. The London County Council, recognising the delusiveness of that absurd assumption, wisely accepts the fundamental proposition that "it is essential that there must be an entirely new kind of boat adapted for the service." Just so, and a new code of regulations also, so framed as to ensure civil treatment for passengers from all engaged in the service. This latter governing condition for success has never yet been observed, and perhaps its systematic neglect may account in some measure for the gradual diminution of popular patronage.

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The Court

THE rest and quiet of Balmoral are always grateful to the Queen, but just now Her Majesty appreciates the simple country life even more than usual after the busy times in Dublin, London and Windsor. It is quite a small party at the Castle, only Princess Beatrice, with two of her children, and Princess Victoria of Wales being with the Queen. Thanks to fine weather Her Majesty and the Princesses are able to enjoy long drives, one specially planned excursion being to the Queen's favourite rural cottage, the Duns Shiel. Two evenings there have been small concerts before a Royal party, where the Misses Muriel and Hilda Foster and Kennerley Rumford sang to Sir Walter Parratt's accompaniment. The second concert was given in honour of Princess Christian's fifty-fourth birthday, the members of the Royal Household and several neighbours being invited to join the circle. Other than these there have been few visitors at Balmoral, as the Queen wishes to have a complete rest before returning south in the middle of the month. However, the Duchess of York and her children are coming to stay, and Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg is also expected—all the better for his course of sulphur baths at Herkulesbad, a Hungarian health resort.

A very charming instance of Anglo-American friendship occurred on the Queen's Birthday. The town of Tampa, in Florida, U.S.A., possesses some botanical gardens dedicated to Her Majesty, and on the Royal Birthday a palm tree was planted there in memory of the date. Each of the States sent a little packet of earth to be mixed with the Florida soil in which the tree was planted, so that the whole country might share in the tribute to the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have had a most busy week. The Princess is delighted with the success of the National Bazaar, where she not only sent a large contribution to the stall of the Household Cavalry—wine, dolls, silver and china and floral clothing—but bought at every stall. She even sent back the broad green ribbon tied round the flowers presented to her that it might be sold for the benefit of the Fund. She patronised another national effort by going to the Albert Hall on Saturday to inspect the annual Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association, which included exhibits from her Technical School at Sandringham. Princess Victoria of Wales was amongst the exhibitors, sending a stool which she had embroidered. Meantime the Prince had been visiting the annual show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Inner Temple Gardens, presiding at a committee meeting of the British Museum Trustees, and attending the dinner given to celebrate the completion of the "Dictionary of National Biography." On Saturday afternoon the Prince and Princess accompanied the King of Sweden and Norway to the Ranelagh Club to witness the polo match for the Hunt Cup and the ladies' driving competition. After taking tea in the Pavilion the Princess distributed the prizes to the winners. In the evening the Prince and Princess, with the Duke of York, went to the opera, where the Princess rarely misses a single night. The Prince and Princess were at church on Sunday, the Duke and Duchess of York coming to lunch afterwards. The Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's on Monday afternoon, the Dukes of Connaught and York being in the Royal circle. The Prince and Princess have been at Epsom races each day, the Royal Jockey Club dinner being given at Marlborough House on the Derby Day. Amongst other engagements of the week the Prince presided at the annual regimental dinner of the Duke of Wales's Own Norfolk Artillery, while the Princess supported "gallant little Wales" by visiting the sale of the Welsh Industries Association at Eaton Square. When the Prince goes this month to Newcastle-on-Tyne to lay the foundation-stone of the new Infirmary, the Princess and Princess Victoria will accompany him.

A word for the last Drawing Room. Though not so well attended as its predecessors, this Drawing Room was marked by some special presentations of *debutantes* and brides. The Countess of Crewe was among the latter, having been away from England last season, and her toilette was especially lovely with its embroideries of primroses and leaves in diamond jewellery and a white satin dress. The white chiffon train was veiled with long branches of roses with diamond hearts being nestled in the folds. There was only a small gathering of Royalties, the Princess of Wales being accompanied by the Prince, the Duke of York, Lord and Princess Christian and their daughter. The Princess of Wales wore ivory satin embroidered in lace and diamonds, her train being trimmed with Honiton lace and mauve poppies.

Princess Margaret of Connaught is much enjoying her first season and is accompanying her parents everywhere. The Duke and Duchess with their daughter go to the opera most evenings. Yesterday (Friday) they would visit Wood Green to distribute the prizes at the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys. Though no longer making his home at Bagshot the Duke takes the greatest interest in the local institutions, and has just presented the Board School with a splendid Union Jack, besides helping to give the school children tea and entertainment in honour of the Queen's birthday.

This has been a week of birthdays in the Royal House. After the Queen's anniversary came Princess Christian's birthday, and then the 33rd anniversary of the Duchess of York's birth, while to-morrow (Sunday) is the Duke of York's 35th birthday.

Amongst the various sights which the King of Sweden and Norway has visited during his stay among us few have interested him more than the inspection of Woolwich Arsenal. He spent five hours in the Arsenal studying the work in each department with the keenest attention. King Oscar goes out socially a great deal, and dined the other night with Lord and Lady Wimborne, who had decorated their dinner-table with the Swedish colours, carried out in blue cornflowers and yellow iris.

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It is generally known that *The Daily Graphic* is most popular with provincial and American visitors to London from the fact of its giving the pith of all the news in a small compass, and for the benefit of these visitors, on and after June 4 a special Entertainment Guide to London Amusements will be found on page 6.

Copies of *The Daily Graphic* will be found in the Reading Rooms of all the important hotels in London.

For Theatres, Concerts, Exhibitions, Art Galleries, and all other Amusements see page 6 of *The Daily Graphic*.

ALL CRICKETERS

will have learned of the decease of

TOM HEARNE,

for so many years ground man of the M.C.C. His experience of the making and keeping of the wicket and ground was quite unrivalled, so that great interest attaches to the fact that he left two most interesting and valuable articles on the subject, the first of which appears in

THE GOLDEN PENNY

this week,

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R.A.; "HIS LAST FURROW," Herbert Dicksee; "NEARLY DONE," W. Dendy

Sadler; "HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY," Fred Morgan; "THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,"

A. Drummond; "TWO CONNOISSEURS," Meissonier; "LA RINE," Meissonier;

"CLEMATIS," Norman Hirst; "OTTER-HUNTING," George Earl; "SALMON

POACHING," Douglas Adams; "DIANA and CALLISTO," Henrietta Rae; "SING

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"GOING DOWN THE WIND," A. Thorburn.—GEO. REES' NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 3d., sent to any part of the world.



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Few English seekers after the picturesque know of the existence of such a charmingly old-world place as Montreuil, which stands on its battlemented hill-top on the river Canche, about twenty miles south of Boulogne; and in rushing across the railway bridge, en route for Paris, over the estuary of this river at Etaples, where Napoleon collected a portion of his fleet for the invasion of England. Fewer still, perhaps, ever imagined that on the other side of the line they are within three miles of one of the prettiest spots in

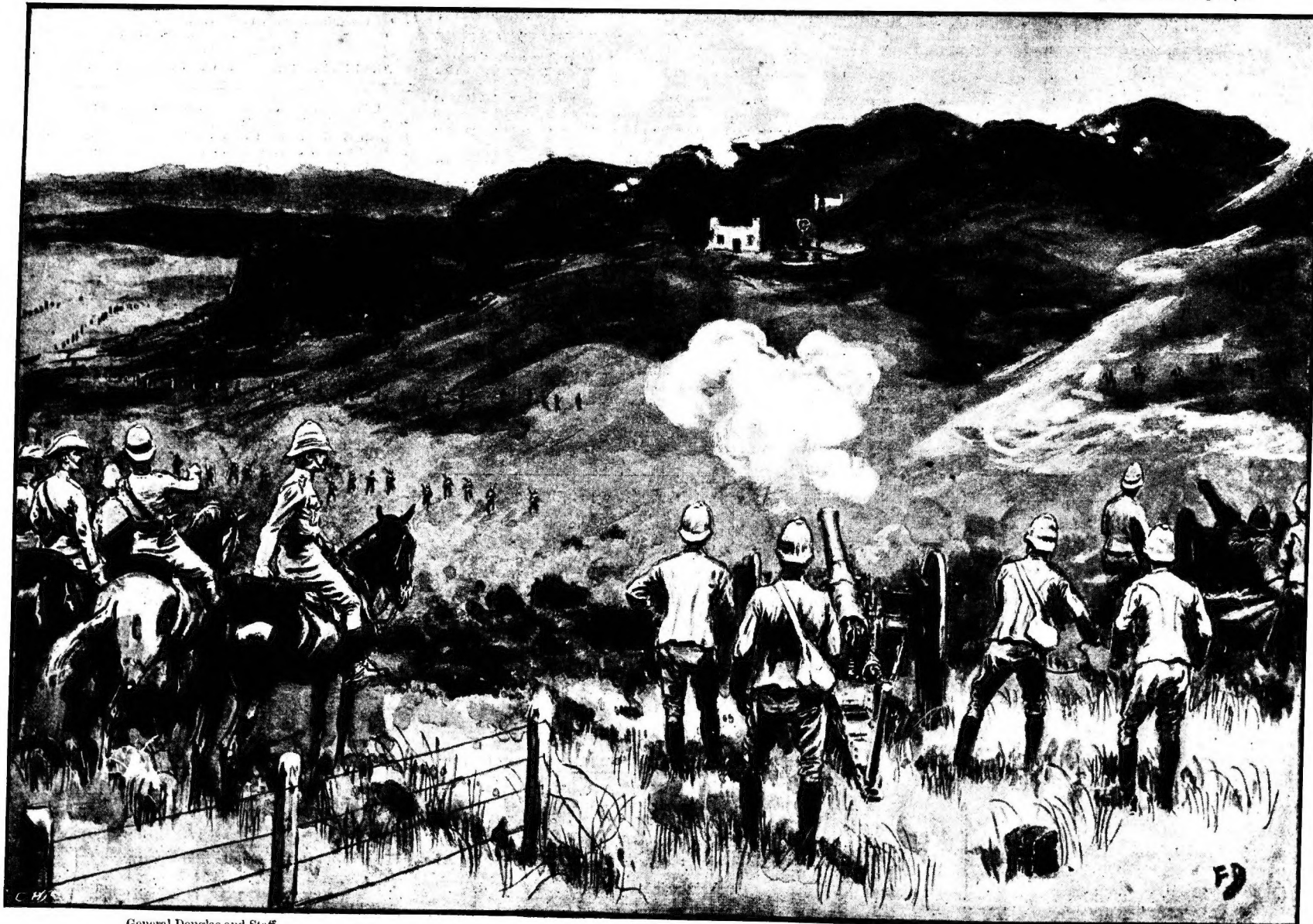
the north of France, Paris-Plage, which is now in process of being developed into an Anglo-French pleasure resort of the most up-to-date kind—Mayville—shortly to be enriched by golf links, cycling track and other attractions dear to the French and English mind. It would be difficult to fancy a greater contrast than is presented by old-world Montreuil, with its Carthusian monastery, where one can positively step into, and realise, the middle ages, and Mayville where the modern spirit finds expression

A NEW PLACE FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER: MAYVILLE (PARIS-PLAGE), ON THE NORTH COAST OF FRANCE

2nd Northampton's skirmishing

Boers' Central Position
Our shrapnel bursting
Water Objective

Boer Position
Imperial Yeomanry holding
right flank and being sniped



General Douglas and Staff

Guns of the 38th Battery

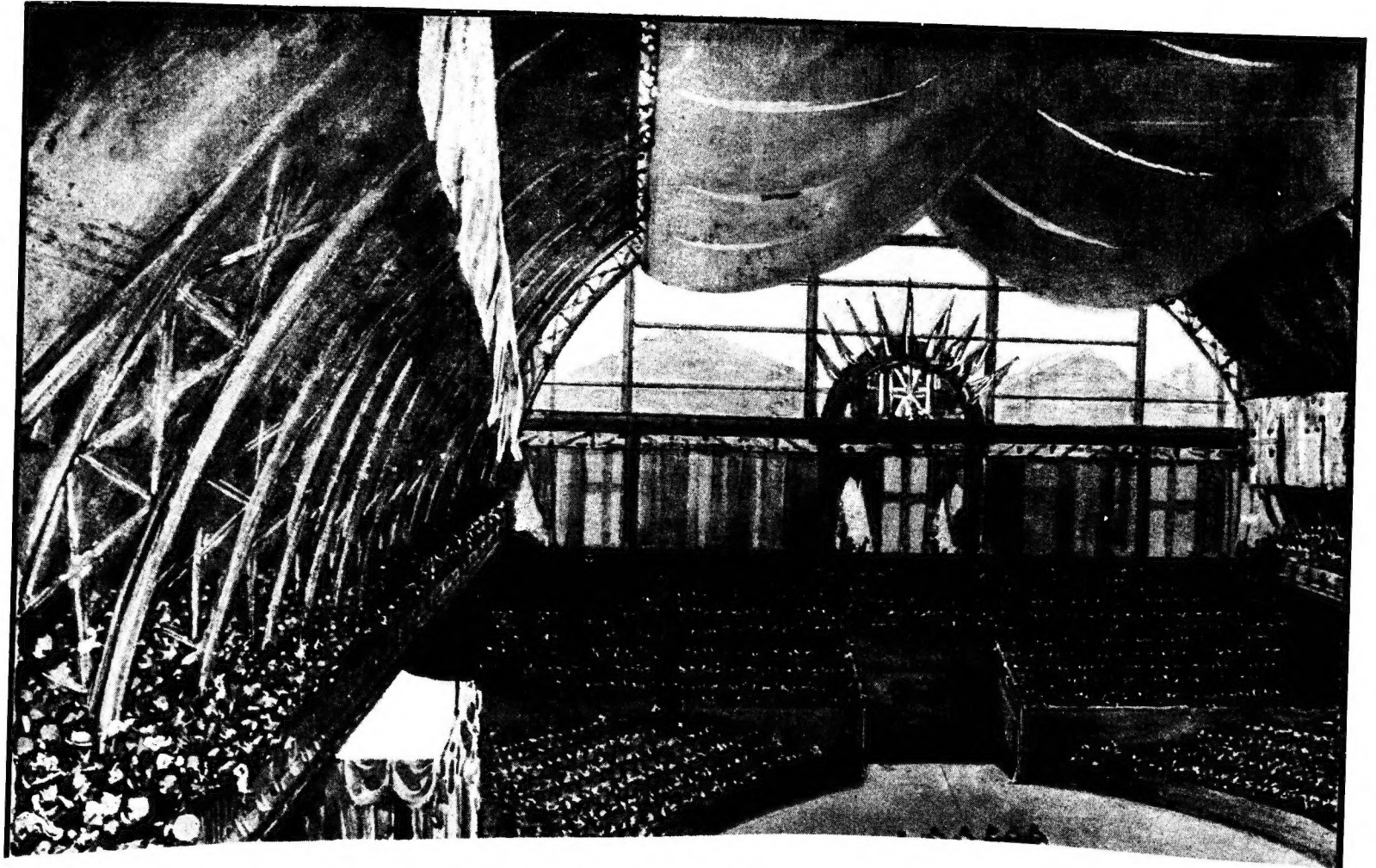
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. O. B.

General Douglas, during a three days' reconnaissance from Zwartkopjesfontein, had a sharp skirmish at Grannatz Platz, in which the Imperial Yeomanry showed to great advantage as skirmishers. The object of the little engagement was to gain possession of the little water-mill shown in the foreground. The 2nd

Northamptonshire Regiment advanced in three long waving lines, three hundred yards apart, turning the enemy's flank, while two hundred and fifty Imperial Yeomanry worked round the hill. Two guns of the 38th Battery, at 2,500 yards, did admirable work

FIGHTING FOR WATER: GENERAL DOUGLAS CONDUCTING A RECONNAISSANCE FROM ZWARTKOPJESFONTEIN



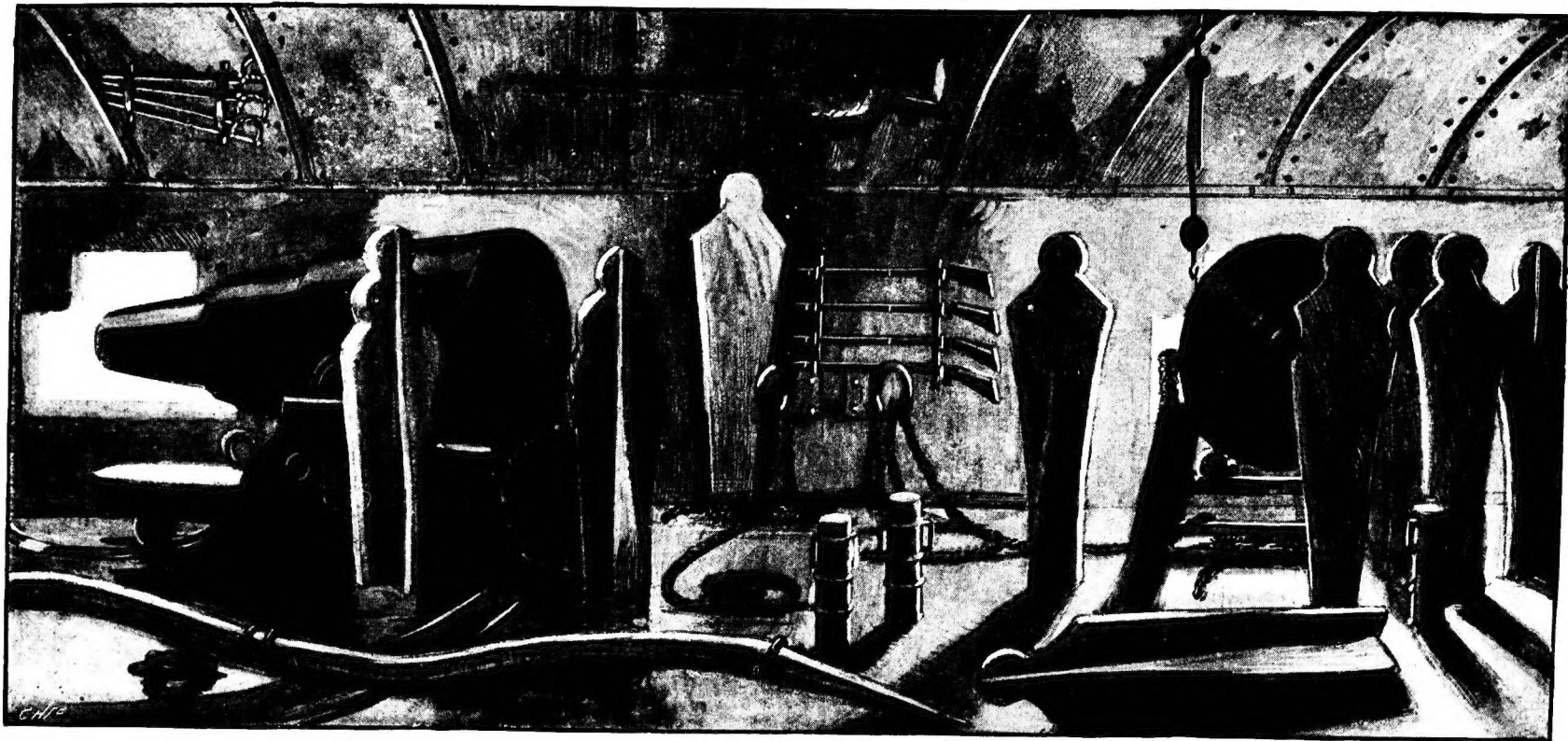
9-inch armour

Cutlasses

Sponge and ramrod

Martini-Henry rifles

Dummy crew



12-inch muzzle-loader

Dummy crew

Cordite charges

12-inch muzzle-loader

Cordite charge

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

The view of the 12-inch battery of the *Belleisle* shows two of her four heavy muzzle-loaders, carried two on each side, with charges of modern cordite and wooden dummy guns' crews. Everything on the

doomed ship was arranged as though ready for action, all the fittings, rifles, etc., being in place; the fire-hose was out and the decks were wetted and sanded

THE GUN DECK OF THE "BELLEISLE" BEFORE THE "MAJESTIC" OPENED FIRE

The Destruction of the "Belleisle"

THE extraordinarily rapid destruction of the *Belleisle* by the *Majestic's* fire on Saturday last was an instructive experiment. It went without saying that the ship was

guns, twelve 6-inch quick-firers, and some forty smaller weapons would knock to pieces an old ironclad dating back to 1876. But what was not, perhaps, so clearly understood was the speed with which the operation could be accomplished. The *Belleisle* was in the sight and a half minutes

the experiment was to test the danger of conflagration, for if there is one thing more evident than another—from the records of Lissa in 1866, of the Yalu in 1894, and of Santiago and Manila in 1898—it is that ships with any wood on board will take fire when subjected to this subject,

wood should be permitted where it is possible to avoid its use." Captain Concas, who commanded the *Teroso*, destroyed by fire at Santiago, has stated that in his case, as in the *Belleisle*, the decks were well wetted before action, and water kept running on them, and yet this did not save her. With regard to the *Belleisle*, it was at first reported by the correspondents that in two minutes from the opening of fire the vessel was ablaze, and so badly ablaze that no efforts of the crew would suffice to get the flames under. This, however, was flatly denied by Mr. Goschen in the House. He said, "The *Belleisle* did not take fire at all, to the extreme surprise of all concerned. Spectators were misled into the supposition of fire by seeing clouds of steam arising through a steam pipe being cut, and lyddite shells, as they burst in the water, emitted clouds of smoke, again giving the impression of the ship being on fire; but she was not on fire, there was only a little smouldering fire in one of the cabins among some clothes. The woodwork was shattered in all directions, but did not take fire. While the ship was being battered the fire pumps were uninjured, and continued to work flooding the deck." Mr. Goschen added, "I shall be able to give more details later, but I thought that the ship not having taken fire was an interesting fact I might communicate at once, because one of the objects of the experiment was to see if the woodwork would be set on fire, as has been reported to have been the case in some of the Spanish-American engagements."

It appears that the citadel armour of the *Belleisle*, which is of 10 or 12 inch iron, and which is therefore roughly equivalent to 5 or 6 inches of Harvey and 4 or 5 inches of Krupp steel, resisted all attack. That is not surprising, as at the Yalu the *Chen Yuen's* 12-inch and 14-inch armour kept out the huge Japanese 12½-inch shells. The *Belleisle's* armour on the water-line, which is much thinner, was, however, pierced, and this led to her sinking. As the possibility of making hits on the water-line has been questioned the fact is of great importance.

The low value of such ships as the *Belleisle* for military purposes is illustrated by the experiment. Unhappily, in the last official return, there were thirty-three ships as bad as, or worse than, the *Belleisle* classed as efficient. If armed with modern guns they could at least hit back, but in their present state their old type, short-range smoky-powder weapons would place them at the mercy of a modern cruiser, which could lie out of their reach and destroy them. Is it fair to the nation to treat such vessels as items of importance in the balance of sea-power? Let us remember that abroad such

ships where retained on the effective list have been stripped of their wood, re-armed and re-fitted. We alone do nothing to our old ships, and yet count them as good for battle.

King Alfonso's Birthday

THE youngest Sovereign in Europe, King Alfonso of Spain, has just kept his fourteenth birthday. It is rare for a

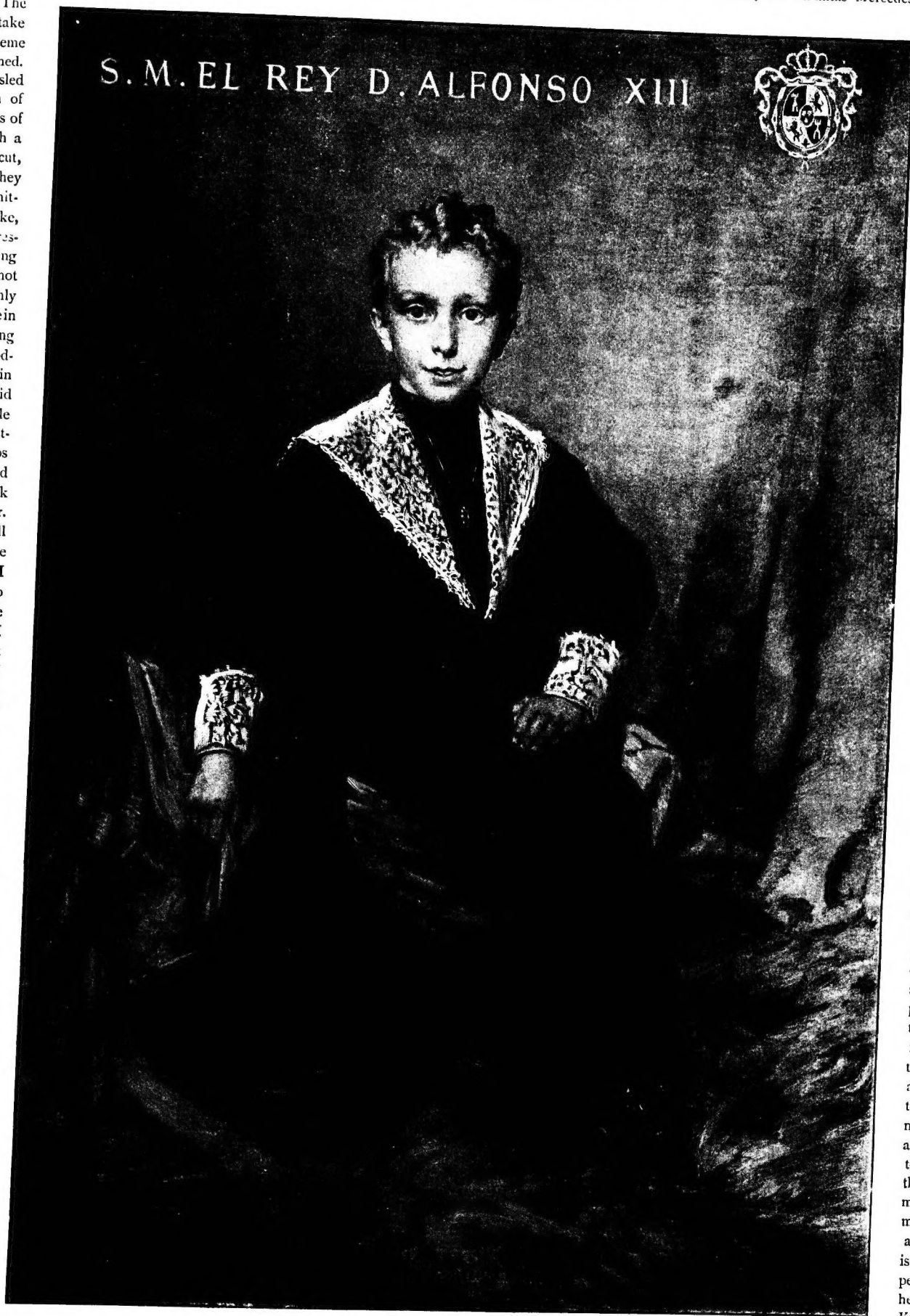
that he bids fair to be a most worthy wearer of the weighty Crown of Spain. From the day when Alfonso XIII. first saw the light at the Madrid Palace on May 17, 1886, his mother has never left him, for the little King was very delicate, and was at death's door when he was four years old. Now Alfonso, though small for his age and delicate looking, is a fairly strong lad. He had a very happy childhood with his two elder sisters, the Infantas Mercedes and Maria, spending much

time in the open air, and little troubled by lessons in early years. Bright and amiable, his two great delights when quite a wee fellow were to go out with a pocketful of new money to give away to the poor, and to watch the soldiers drilling and changing guard. He was very particular about receiving and returning the salutes, and his military tastes were encouraged by a boy-regiment being formed for him at San Sebastian, where the Spanish Court went every summer for sea-bathing. Most amusing was it to see the child-Sovereign playing at soldiers with his comrades, their uniform, drill, and band being exactly copied from the regular army.

When Alfonso was still too small to properly fill a Royal State-chair, he had to appear at Court receptions, where he behaved with much dignity. From the care of his Basque nurse he passed to an English governess, and thence, at the mature age of ten, to the tutelage of a military governor. Since then Alfonso has worked hard and well at the many branches of study which befit a King, till at fourteen he is a clever, thoughtful, and accomplished boy, fully aware of the dignity and responsibility of his position. The late troubles of his country in the war with the United States made a deep impression upon the young King; for nights he scarcely slept, and he was most eager to visit the wounded in the hospitals. Alfonso much resembles his mother, having fair hair and blue eyes. He is worshipped by his people, and wins all hearts in the Palace. The King is rapidly growing out of childhood, has exchanged his pet pony for a chestnut horse, and dines late every

night. Till he comes of age at eighteen, four years hence, Alfonso will have a busy time, for, besides his work, he is to travel in order to widen his ideas beyond the somewhat narrow groove of Spanish Court life.

A MOTOR CAR FOR THE BATTLEFIELD is the German Emperor's latest ideal. He has offered a prize of £4,000 for the best vehicle of the kind to take away the wounded from the scene of action.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN

FROM THE PAINTING BY GODIN

Sovereign to be actually born a King, yet such was Alfonso's lot, for he came into the world six months after the death of his father, and so succeeded to the throne at his birth. The King and Queen had longed for a son, but Alfonso XII. only lived to see his two daughters, and the son did not come till he was lying cold in the Escorial. Happily the Queen Regent, Marie Christine of Austria, is a woman of striking character and keen judgment, and she has brought up the fatherless child with such good sense and tact

Major Anderson, A.M.C. Captain Singleton, Quartermaster Lieut. Dunlop Smith, A.V.C.



Colonel Hore, with Captain Singleton and Lieutenant Dunlop Smith, was in command of the old British South Africa Fort at Mafeking when it was rushed by Commandant Eloff and his men, who first captured the gallant colonel and then surrendered to him when Baden-Powell's strategy made the Boer position hopeless

SOME OF MAFEKING'S GALLANT DEFENDERS: COLONEL HORE AND HIS STAFF

From a Photograph by the Rev. W. H. Weekes, Rector of Mafeking



Rev. W. H. Weekes, Rector of Mafeking, Chaplain to Bechuanaland Rifles Mr. F. Whiteley, Mayor of Mafeking Rev. J. M. Peart, Wesleyan Minister Mr. E. Rowland (whose house formed centre of laager, and on whose property the people were encamped)

THE STAFF OF THE WOMEN'S LAAGER, MAFEKING

From a Photograph by the Rev. W. H. Weekes, Rector of Mafeking



Captain Loch, A.D.C.

Trooper and Interpreter
Kimberley Light Horse

Lord Methuen

FROM A SKETCH BY E. O. D.

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Stray Boer farmers when met with are usually loud in their protestations of loyalty, but our Generals in South Africa are now getting used to their way of relieving the monotony of farm life by a little sniping, often under cover of the white flag. The farmer who is here being cross-examined, possibly fearing for his farm, stoutly maintained his loyalty, for there is no doubt that the policy of burning the farms and

commandeering the cattle of those Free Staters who have been found bearing arms after accepting Lord Roberts's proclamation has had a most salutary effect in the way of convincing waverers in which direction their interests lie

LORD METHUEN INTERROGATING A BOER PRISONER AT ZWARTKOPJESFONTEIN



This interesting photograph shows better than anything we have yet seen the effect of shrapnel fired by "Long Tom" on Ladysmith. The corrugated zinc wall of the storehouse is riddled, and there would have been a poor chance of life for anyone who happened to be in the course of the shell. Our photograph is by J. Wallace Bradley

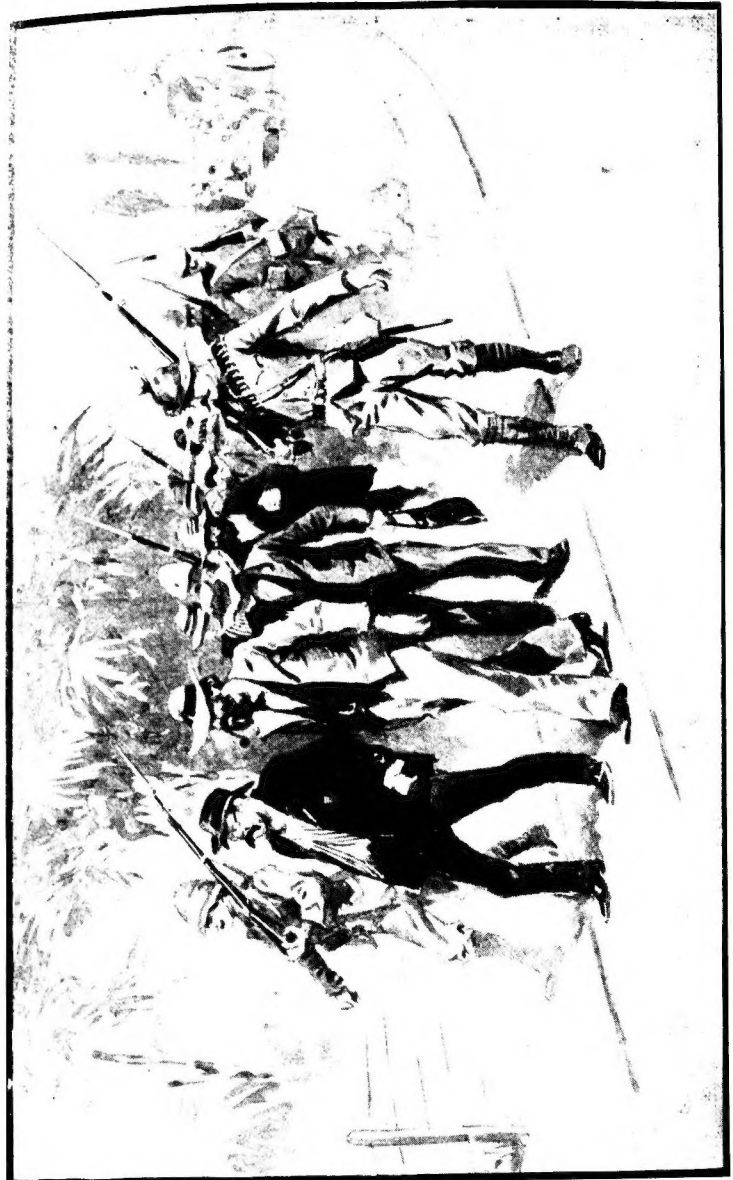
A CURIOSITY FROM LADYSMITH

Intintanyone

Jonono's Kop

Woodcote Farm

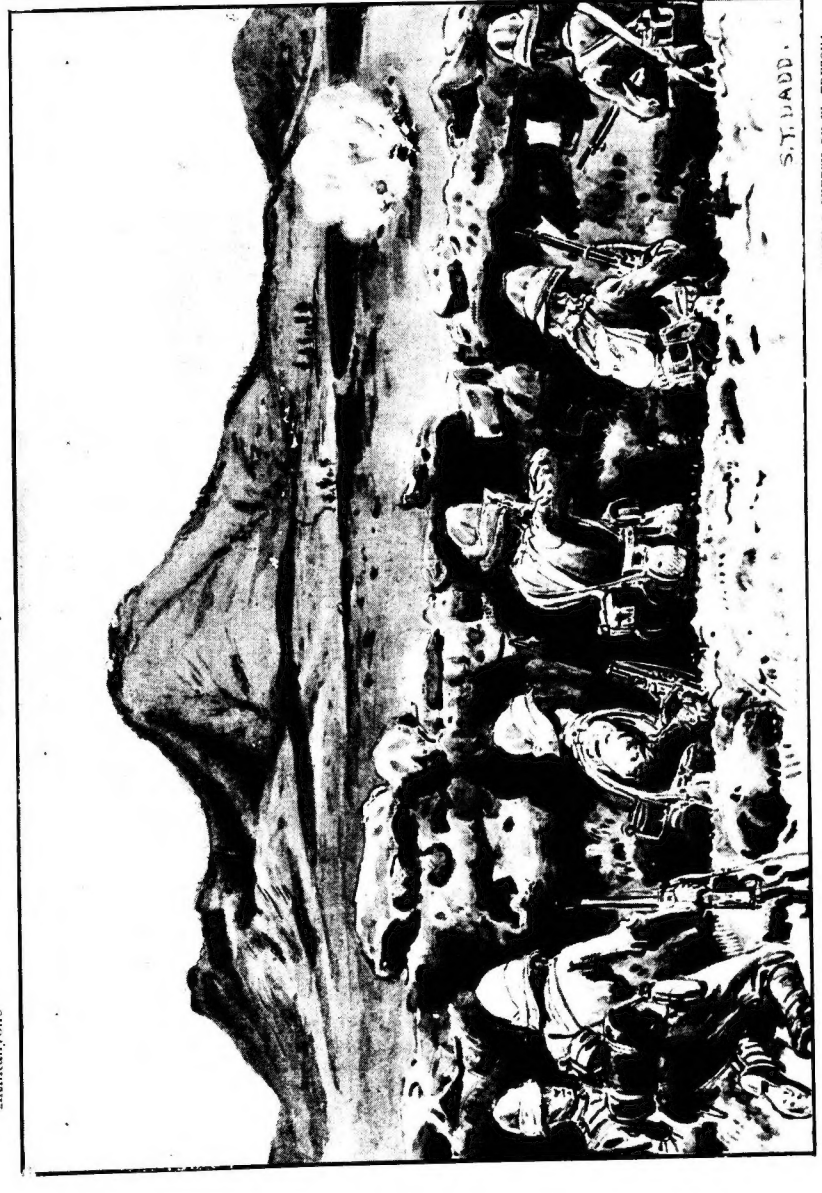
Matawana



Our Special Artist writes:—"The Boer prisoners present some strange figures. In my sketch, the spectacled individual with soiled and limp collar is a striking contrast to the typical raw-boned, corduroy-clad Boer beside him. Following him are some low-class Afrikaners, who are little better than Hotentots."

A GANG OF BOER PRISONERS MARCHING TO CAPE TOWN

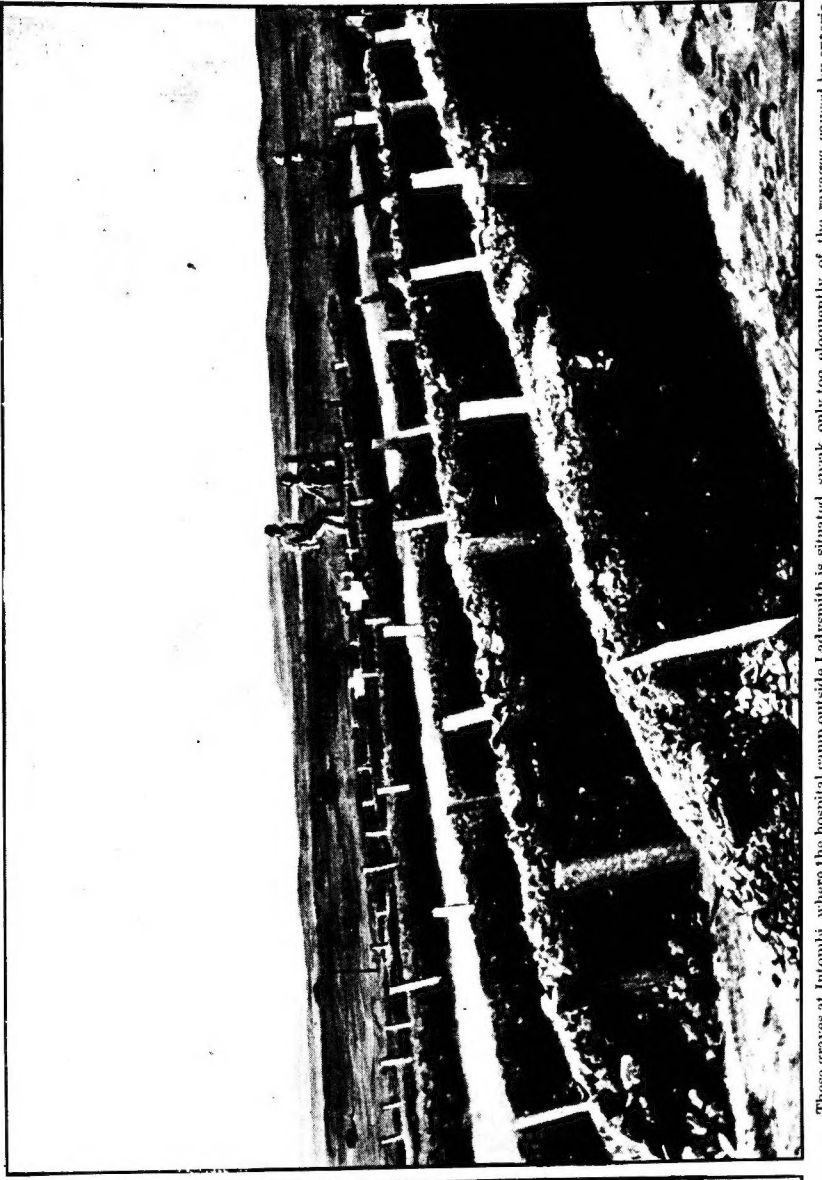
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, C. E. Fripp



About 7 a.m. on the morning of April 10 the Boers commenced shelling our camp near Sunday's River. The tents of the 10th Brigade (consisting of the Dorset and Middlesex) were at once lowered, the men manning the trenches, a portion of which is shown in the sketch. As night fell in the 10th Brigade with the 10th Mountain Battery moved out to a position at Woodcote Farm under Jonono's Kop where they remained until they were relieved by the 11th Brigade the following afternoon, when they returned to their old positions

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

THE 3RD BATTALION MIDDLESEX REGIMENT MANNING THE TRENCHES BEFORE JONONO'S KOP ON APRIL 10



These graves at Intombi, where the hospital camp outside Ladysmith is situated, speak only too eloquently of the ravages caused by enteric fever among our troops in South Africa. In Ladysmith, no doubt, the epidemic was aggravated by the scarcity of good food. The officer who sent the photograph states that at the time of writing there were 800 patients at Intombi. From the returns issued by the War Office it appears that while 2,355 officers and men have been killed during the war and 575 have died of wounds, no fewer than 2,803 have died of disease

GRAVES OF ENTERIC PATIENTS IN LADYSMITH

The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBV-STERRY

It is possibly a little consolation in the ruthless demolition that is now going on throughout London to think that for a while we get more light and air and good views of the few buildings that remain untouched. A fine example of this may be seen by the pedestrian who takes his way along the south side of the Strand, going from west to east. A number of houses on the north side of the street have been demolished, and you now have a clear view of the tower of Saint Clement Danes, from base to weathercock. Now, I am pretty familiar with this tower. In the old days I have often seen the towers of Saint Mary-le-Strand, Saint Clement Danes, and Saint Dunstan's, one behind the other, in the clear light of the early summer's morning as I walked from the west towards the Temple, but I am inclined to think I never sufficiently admired the architectural beauties of the second-named church. But now you get a clear view of it you will be able to thoroughly appreciate its

most supreme delight. If this column were illustrated I could give you an accurate picture of the aforesaid train, so keen is my recollection of it. But this by the way. What I was going to say is, if they had not built up the house at the corner, and left Dunnett's as an open space, it would have made a fine beginning for my favourite scheme of carrying St. Paul's Churchyard as far back as the northern side of Paternoster Row.

Talking about pulling down houses reminds me that buildings adjoining the west end of those delightful old timbered houses in front of Staple Inn have been demolished. Here is a fine opportunity for some architect to erect some houses in harmony with the picturesque buildings referred to. But I don't suppose anything of the kind will be done. They will probably put up some fearfully high and hideous mansion which will overshadow and dwarf the fine old mansions of long ago. The modern craving for enormous shop-fronts is a terrible fact against the success of modern street architecture. However beautiful a building may be, and however fine its proportions, it is utterly ruined when you introduce a big, staring shop-front. Because just where you want strength you get weakness, and the effect of the design is, in consequence, ruined. Are these large shop-fronts necessary? I don't believe they are. The people who really buy go into the shops and look at the articles there. The large shop-fronts, besides interfering with the archi-

The National Bazaar

If ever the locution that "all the world was there" was justified, it was justified at the National Bazaar, which had a run of three days last week, and "encored" itself for another performance on Monday in response to its signal success. Like the bids at a Dutch auction, the prices for admission decreased as the Bazaar went on, and the numbers increased proportionately. When the Princess of Wales arrived at the entrance on Monday, it seemed as if the crowded Bazaar must boil over at the exits. Those who had struggled from the Flower Market at the entrance in the hope of finding clearer space within, returned at the ceremonial moment to see Princess Dolgorock welcome the royal visitor. The Princess's triumphal progress round the Bazaar was none the less a pretty and impressive spectacle, for all the stall-holders were lined up by the side of the seventy-one stalls; and in the other side of the Princess's pathway a cordon of ladies was drawn up six deep to see her go by. Both stalls and visitors were representative not only of the whole social and charitable world of London, but of the Empire, and even of countries outside the Empire—witness the Princess's gift of the German Emperor to the stall which bore the name of the English regiment, the 1st Royal Dragoons. India, Canada, Australia,



On the Queen's birthday all ships in commission "dress" rainbow fashion. The flags, when arranged on the line, are laid along the deck. The men then run aft, holding the other end of the line, which

is first passed through a block at the top of the mast, and then is carried down the mast through another block at the foot

INCIDENTS AT PORTSMOUTH ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

exquisite proportions. You will be struck with the dignity and solidity of the structure as well as its grace and lightness. Till the intervening buildings had been cleared away, I had no idea that Sir Christopher Wren appeared to such advantage as he does in the church alluded to. I am not quite sure that the unscreening of the Law Courts, from this point of view, gives me such an unclouded satisfaction.

The fine opportunity for disclosing the view of St. Paul's Cathedral at the north-eastern end is, I fear, being lost for ever, for I see there is a gigantic building in course of erection. They might have made the clearance very complete, as houses on the other side of Paternoster Row have been demolished. The corner house is associated with some of my earliest recollections, for in the days of my childhood it was a very famous toy-shop. I think the name was Dunnett, and it had, something like Dr. Blimber's School, the reputation of being "very expensive." It was by no means a place for everyday toys, but it was a shop patronised by wealthy grandfathers and rich uncles when they happened to be in a good humour. It was an establishment that one visited on rare occasions, and one walked round it on birthdays and such-like occasions with a mixed feeling of joy and awe that was almost painful. I remember that I received from this notable emporium a railway train, with engine and tender, most wonderfully constructed, that gave me the

lecture, only form a gratuitous exhibition to those who do not spend any money.

Among the many strange things that the demolitions for the new street from Holborn to the Strand may bring about may be mentioned an advertisement emanating from a firm of solicitors in New Inn, which has recently appeared in the *Times*. It runs thus:—"Eva Maria Garrick, of Adelphi Terrace and of Hampton, Middlesex, widow, died in 1822, since which date some of her papers have remained at the address below. Owing to the pending demolition of the premises it is intended to dispose of the papers unless cleared before June 8 next." Now this is, no doubt, the wife of David Garrick, who, as is well known, survived her husband forty-three years, and died at her house in the Adelphi Terrace at the good ripe age of ninety-eight. I remember the late E. L. Blanchard telling me she used to walk up and down the terrace in the sunshine, and that he knew someone who, as a boy, had shaken hands with her. One would be curious to know what the papers are about, and why they should have remained so long undisturbed. If Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is likely to bring out a new edition of his "Life of David Garrick" he should inquire into this matter. There may be all sorts of curious facts and unheard-of particulars that may have been hidden away for the last seventy-eight years—and surely by this time all copyright must have expired.

South Africa, and other of our Colonies had their stalls, and our cousins of the United States contributed an American Bar, which added not only to the receipts of the exhibition but to the gaiety of nations. It was at this characteristic emporium that the Duke of Cambridge on the second day of the Exhibition, consented to try a "Boer paralysing," an ingenious concoction not necessarily fatal. The Duke, perhaps cowed by the reports he may have read of brave men and respected householders being forced to buy immature kittens and babies' socks on the previous day, declined to purchase anything at any of the stalls, and paid his footing by handing a cheque to Lord Arthur Hill, the secretary, immediately on his arrival. Sir George White, who opened the Bazaar on the third day, with the laurels of Ladysmith fresh upon him, was bolder, a fact that may have been due to the moral support he derived from the presence of Lady White. It would be a thankless task to enumerate all the stalls which attracted the eye, as they attracted the purchaser, and this is scarcely the place to mention the names of the 1,400 people who contributed to make this enterprise the Bazaar of the century; but one name may, perhaps, be specially distinguished, which is that of Mrs. Baden-Powell, who did a splendid business in photographs of her son at half-a-guinea each. There were many things left over until the Monday, when an auction sale, with prominent humorists as auctioneers, carried off the surplus stock, and some of the things went at uncharitable prices.



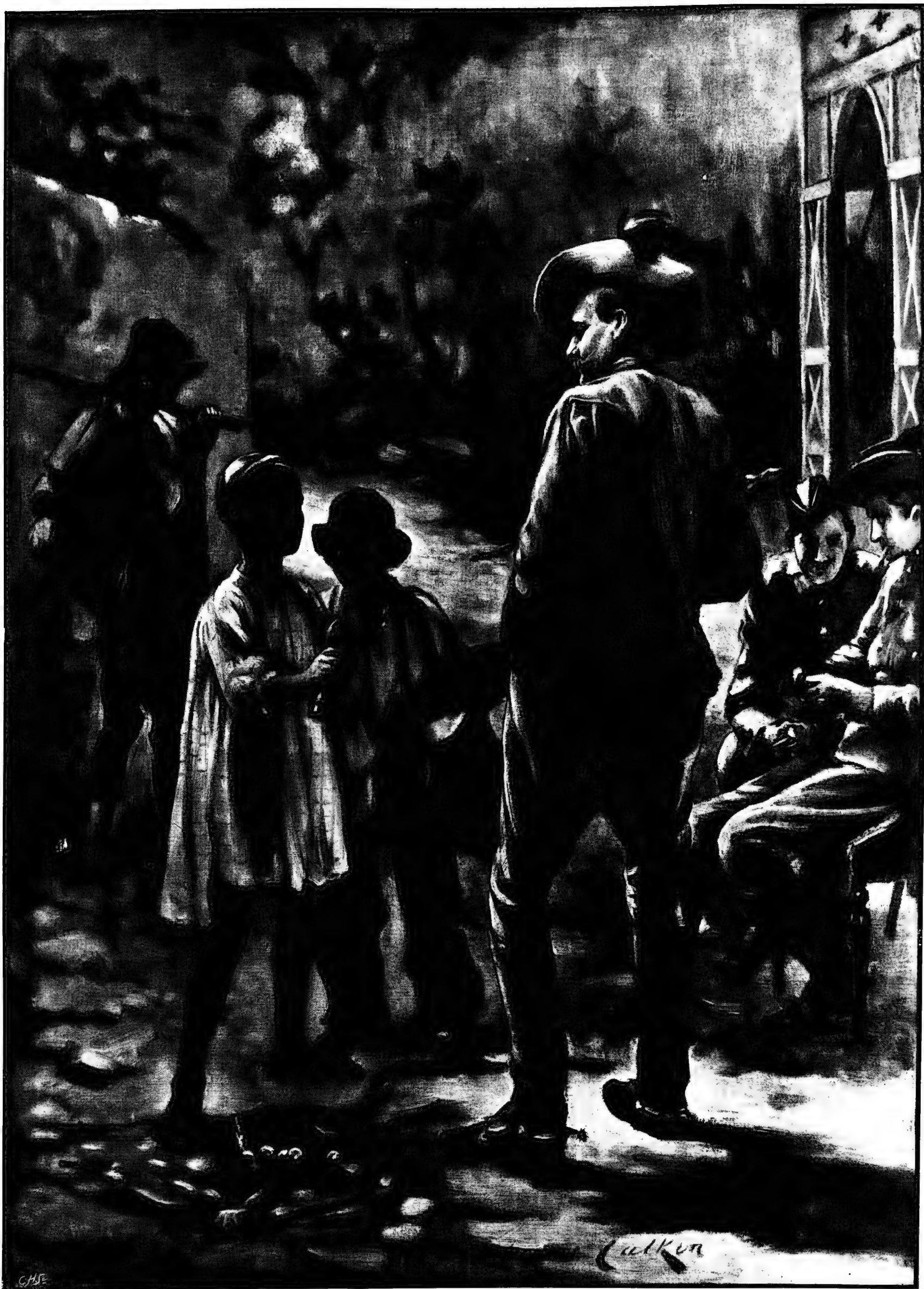
There was no formal opening ceremony at the National Bazaar, which has been held with such conspicuous success at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, but the Princess of Wales arrived early in the afternoon of the first day, attended by Lord Colville of Culross and Miss

Knollys. The Princess on arriving was received by the ladies presiding over the Flower Market, who were all attired in white dresses and aprons, and was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses by Princess Alexis Dolgorouki. Subsequently the Princess made the first purchase,

and sold the first article from the stall of the Household Cavalry, of which H.R.H. was President, and then, with untiring zeal, visited and made purchases at nearly all of the remaining sixty-six stalls

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE OPENING OF THE NATIONAL BAZAAR IN AID OF SUFFERERS BY THE WAR

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



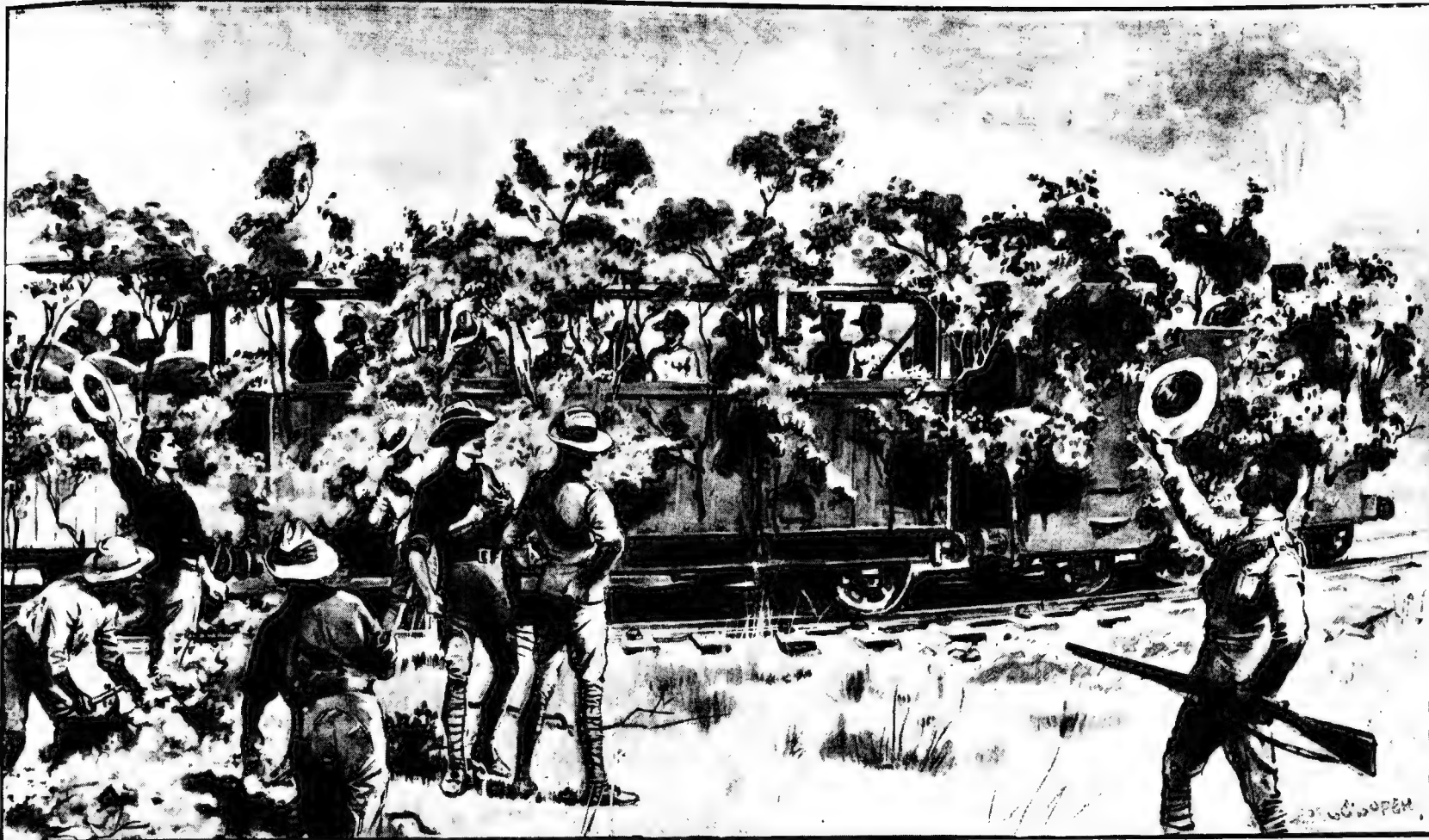
DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

A Correspondent in Mafeking writes:—"Occasionally the natives took cover from shell-fire, and when the projectile burst anywhere near them they rushed out to pick up the fuses, fuses, and other pieces.

For these they always had a ready sale among the curiosity hunters. It is curious to reflect that every now and then a 'Long Tom' effected was to put a few shillings into a Kafir's pocket."

A TRADE THAT WAS ALWAYS BRISK IN MAFKING: NATIVES SELLING FRAGMENTS OF BOER SHELLS



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK J. MACKENZIE

At first sight it would appear that Colonel Plumer's men were celebrating May Day, but, as a matter of fact, what looks like decoration is really an ingenious device to conceal the movements of the armoured train. The engine and trucks are embowered in green, and are very difficult to distinguish at a distance, as the veldt traversed by Colonel Plumer's column is more or less covered with dense bush

WITH COLONEL PLUMER'S FORCE: AN ARMOURD TRAIN READY TO RECONNOITRE



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. HALSTED

Welman Powana, a Kaffir, and Willem Wellman, a Hottentot, were charged at Beaufort West, on April 11, with attempting to wreck the train conveying the Governor to Bloemfontein. They were committed for trial by the Resident magistrate. The veldtschoens in the hands of the Cape Policemen were important spoor evidence. Our illustration represents the prisoners outside the Police Station at Beaufort West

ARRESTED FOR ATTEMPTING TO WRECK A TRAIN



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY SECOND LIEUT. R. K. HODGSON

A Correspondent writes:—"The men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers have erected a marble memorial to the officers and men who perished in the attack on Pieter's Hill, the day before Ladysmith was relieved"

WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: A SAD TASK

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Crossing of the Vaal

LITTLE wonder that Monday and Tuesday last week were appointed by President Kruger as special days of humiliation and prayer. For on the first of those days the Free State, after having been swept clear of opposition from the Orange River to the Vaal, had been formally annexed to the dominions of the British Crown as the Orange River State; while the mounted scouts of Lord Roberts had also caught sight of Johannesburg, the city of gold. It could not well have been otherwise with the 221,000 troops of all kinds, whom, according to Mr. Wyndham, we now have in the field in South Africa, apart from the 11,000 fresh ones to be despatched to the Cape during the month of June. Lord Roberts has a knack of always doing things in a neat and appropriate manner, and great was the jubilation in England—amounting almost to a kind of minor Mafeking Day on its becoming known that his lordship had celebrated the Queen's Birthday—the 24th inst.—by sending his vanguard across the Vaal. But this event was hailed at home as if it had been our first invasion of the South African Republic—or what used to be such—whereas the honour of first crossing the frontier and carrying the war into the territory of our chief enemies belonged to one of Hunter's Brigades, which, a fortnight previously, had marched from Fourteen Streams to Christiana, and there established itself on Transvaal soil in order to protect the right flank of Hunter's advance to Mafeking, and thence, by the Jameson Raid route, or something like it, to Pretoria.

Nevertheless, the main line of advance on the Transvaal capital fell to Roberts himself, and from the Rhenoster to the Vaal he swept the Boers northwards before him more as with a broom than with bullets. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise with such a huge, well-found army, and such a bustling, indefatigable Commander-in-Chief, who "every morning is up before daybreak, and rides hard till the afternoon. Wherever he halts he has himself placed in connection with the telegraph, and receives and answers messages. In spite of all this hard work he looks in splendid health." That was written on the Queen's birthday, when the advance guard of the left wing of "Bobs's" army (marching in three divisions from the Rhenoster River) splashed across the Vaal at a drift near Parys, about thirteen miles down stream from Vereeniging—which means "Union," but which was, nevertheless, the scene of most disastrous disunion in the camp of the Boers. On Saturday the leading horsemen of the centre column similarly crossed at Viljoen's Drift, where they drove off the Boers after a slight interchange of shots, and in conjunction with some of French's men they nearly succeeded in saving the railway bridge, of which the enemy had only time to destroy the northmost span. The Dorset Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, which had been the first to enter Kroonstad, was also to the front in this central crossing of the Vaal. A little further to the right, Ian Hamilton, at the head of the third column, made the third passage, and by about noon on Sunday the whole of Lord Roberts's Army had gained the northern bank of the river.

Botha's "Flocks of Geese"

At Vereeniging an Irishman was found who said, "The game is up; the Boers should go to Klondike." They had never been able to screw up their courage to make the boasted stand which was to turn the tide of war again in their favour. First they were to do it at Brandfort; but here their courage, no less than their commandos, melted away. Well, at any rate, they would fight to the death on the Vet and the Zand Rivers; but out of their strong positions on both those streams they were successively mauled and manoeuvred by "Bobs," who had now found ample means of gratifying the American attaché's fondness for finding "a way round." Then our British were gravely told that at Kroonstad they would find a Boer Plevna awaiting them, which turned out to be a castle of cards. The Boers continued to blow up bridges and dynamite miles



GUNNER WILLIAM SIMS
Of H.M.S. *Powerful*, who receives a commission
as lieutenant



C. E. STEAD
The gallant stationmaster at Highlands, Natal,
who has been twice mentioned in despatches

of railway, but they nevertheless failed to bar the forward march of "Bobs's" irresistible men. In any case, said the prophets at Pretoria, the line of the Rhenoster would prove insuperable to the rooineks, but the gentlemen in khaki again swashed across it and around its Kaffir-constructed entrenchments in a manner which caused both Messrs. Steyn and Kruger to "complain bitterly of Lord Roberts's unfair tactics in refusing to meet the Boers in the positions chosen by them, and in eternally turning them by a flank movement." Those turning movements had hitherto been by the right of Lord Roberts's army, marching in echelon of three columns; but on crossing the Vaal, he changed this flanking advance of his to one from the left, seeing that the country between that frontier river and Johannesburg is much more open in this direction than on his right. Everything on the side of the Boers tended to show that they had lost their heads as well as their hearts; that, in fact, the stuffing had been completely knocked out of them, causing them, in the words of their own commander, to scatter before the British "like a flock of geese;" while that commander himself, Louis Botha, hastily repaired to Pretoria to "urge a policy of capitulation in the strongest possible terms." It was but poor comfort to the people at Pretoria to be told that one of the commandos had re-occupied Heilbron and captured a British lieutenant of engineers, "who," according to Lord Roberts, "went there on telegraphic duty without knowing that our troops had been temporarily withdrawn."

At Johannesburg

Exceedingly poor comfort this for President Kruger in comparison with the other news which reached Pretoria that Roberts and his men, marching more grandly than ever—twenty miles at a stretch, and fresh as paint at the end of it—had on Monday reached Klip River, about eighteen miles from Johannesburg, and all but captured five Boer guns through the dash of the mounted Australians, while the Horse Artillery guns of French and Hamilton were thundering away on the British left.

Nothing could have been more admirable than the way in which Lord Roberts advanced from the Vaal—with a rapidity which completely astonished the Boers, who had fondly supposed that they themselves enjoyed a monopoly of mobility in the field—a rapidity which completely nonplussed them and caused them to abandon one position after another. It was Sunday before Lord Roberts's army was all on the further side of the Vaal, distant about thirty-five miles from Johannesburg, and by Tuesday afternoon the main body of this army, moving parallel with the railway line, had already occupied Germiston, or Elandsfontein Junction, half a dozen miles or so east of the city of the gold reefs (which, by the way, has over 120 miles of streets and roads, for such has been its mushroom growth), a point commanding all the main lines of the Transvaal with the exception of that from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay. The Boers had not expected the arrival there of our swift-marching troops for a day later, and so had failed to remove a large quantity

of rolling-stock, which accordingly fell into our hands. Parallel with Roberts's line of advance, and about miles to the west of it, marched the cavalry of French with the mounted infantry of Ian Hamilton, who outflanked and rushed away the Boers holding line of hills known as the Klipriversberg; and on Wednesday the Field-Marshal was expected to see his triumphal entry into the City of the Golden Gate at the head of his magnificent troops, after he had summoned the Commandant of the town to surrender and received his submission.

By this time the wise men of Pretoria had to feel like the Senators of Rome when the Gauls were thundering at the City's gates, and at the same time their trepidation was increased by the news that Baden-Powell, marching from Mafeking, had occupied Zeerust—the Boers' headquarters during the siege, while another British force from the same direction was moving briskly on a parallel line on Lichtenburg further south. At the same time Hunter was moving in the Division by road and rapidly reconstructed Mafeking from Vryburg, which he reached at the same time as the Vaal was crossed by his Chief. Not to be outdone by their comrades with the Fusilier Brigade, under Hunter—representing

four nationalities—covered forty-four miles of rough water in thirty-four hours on its way to Vryburg—another proof of the marching powers of British infantry are superb and unsurpassed. Further to the west Sir Charles Warren—with a force composed of Munster Fusiliers, some Imperial Yeomanry, and two batteries of guns—made short work of the Boers about Douglas, capturing quantities of their stores, reducing the district to submission, and securing from the left the safety of the railway, which is now open from Cape Town to Buluwayo—a result which must precipitate the close of the war, which now, at least, seems hastening to its close—as would appear to be also felt even by the blindly obdurate Mr. Kruger himself, who for some days had a train ready waiting with steam up to take him away, while he had sent thirty-six boxes of bullion to Holland by the Netherlands mail.

Other Lines of Advance

Thus while President Kruger saw Pretoria suddenly placed within a couple of days' forced march from Lord Roberts's victorious troops at Johannesburg, with another couple of columns advancing upon it from the direction of Mafeking, so President Steyn was equally exasperated to find that the eastern portion of his quondam State had been swiftly falling under the complete authority of General Rundle and his various columns. He also had celebrated the Queen's birthday by occupying Senekal, while the extreme right of his line of command at Ficksburg was being equally carried forward by Brabant and his Colonial Division. In this Free State region, as well as north of the Vaal, disintegration and dry rot had set in severely among the Boers, though their sporadic resistance continued to swell the list of our casualties, which, up to the end of last week, had risen to a grand total of about 23,000 men, including more than 11,000 invalided home as unfit for the work of war. For disease is ever more fatal to the soldier than bullets. Since the beginning of the war the total number of those who have actually been killed in action, or afterwards died of their wounds, falls short of 3,000, while a good many more than this have succumbed to disease, and more than four times the number of the killed have betrayed weak spots in their constitutions necessitating their return home. Among those who fell at Senekal were the brave Major Dalbiac, of the Middlesex Yeomanry, and four of his men—another proof that our auxiliary forces are now anything but a paper one.

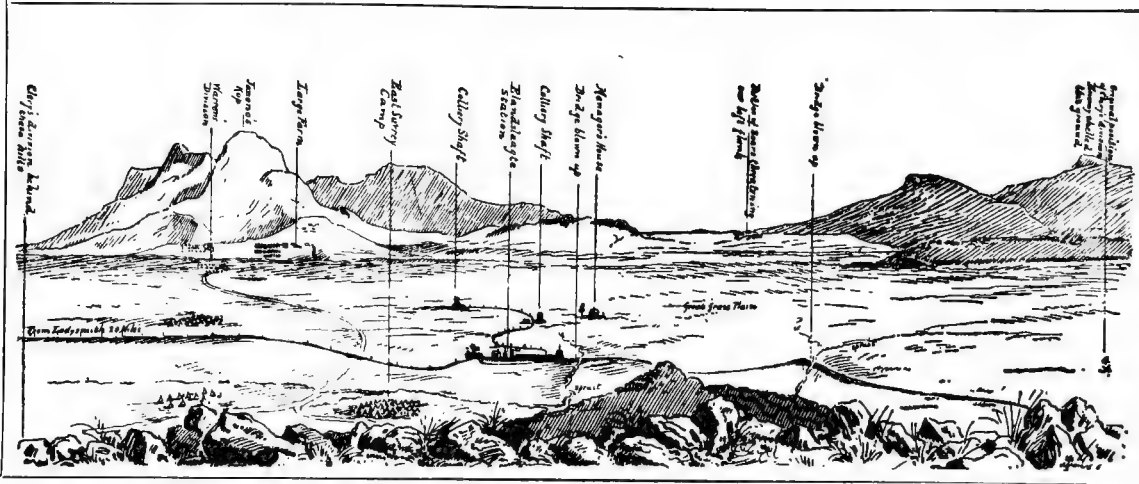
In Natal

As for our Field Force in Natal it is difficult to see why it should now have to fight its way across Laing's Nek of evil memory, seeing that the Boer holders of that position have every motive of prudence and safety to abandon it and trek to the north—the Heidelberg or elsewhere, now that the army of Lord Roberts is astride the Natal Railway. But, on the other hand, there is every sign that the Boers are now capable of any stupidity in strategy, for which they have not the least talent since the death of Joubert. His successor, Botha, is known to be at loggerheads with the politicians at Pretoria; but even those politicians now show increasing signs of conviction that further resistance to our arms is hopeless.



During the blockade of Delagoa Bay by H.M.S. *Thetis* three deaths occurred on board. A cross was made by the artificers of the ship of teak, coppered to protect it from ants, and was erected in the cemetery at Lourenço Marques over the graves of two of the men, the first man who died having been buried at sea.

IN MEMORY OF SHIPMATES



A Correspondent writes:—"On April 10, about 7.30 a.m., the Boers began shelling General Clery's camp, situated two miles N.E. of Elands Laagte, from a range of hills four miles N.E. of our camp, and running east and west from the railway line between Elands Laagte and Waschbank Station. Camp was lowered, and the infantry scattered about the plain. The naval guns answered the enemy's fire, but the Boers did not, however, attempt any advance, confining themselves to shelling the camp, baggage waggons, &c. They could not have had a better target, but did very little damage when it is considered how fully exposed we were. Parties of Boers at the same time threatened our flanks, which were also very unprotected. At dusk Sir Charles Warren's Division came up and took up a position by Jonono's Kop, while Clery's Division retired behind the hills running from Elands Laagte eastward to Sunday's River. The foreground of the sketch is the actual position held by the Boers during the battle of Elands Laagte on October 21, 1899. The flanking attack on them on that date came from the south along the ridge. Our present position is very strong, and protects the station and collieries. Our illustration is from a sketch by Captain Vigors.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH FROM ELANDS LAAGTE SHOWING THE POSITIONS TAKEN UP BY GENERAL CLERY'S AND GENERAL WARREN'S DIVISIONS AFTER THE SHELLING OF OUR CAMP BY THE BOERS ON APRIL 10

Our Portraits

CAPTAIN JAMES MENTEITH MIDDLEMIST (78th) Seaforth Highlanders, was selected for service with the Hausa force on the West Coast of Africa in 1890, then commanded by Colonel Sir Francis Scott, and later was appointed adjutant. In 1896-7 he served in the Ashanti Expedition (commanded by Colonel Sir Francis Scott), which, it will be remembered, resulted in the downfall of Prempeh, King of Ashanti, at Kumasi, receiving the Ashanti Star in recognition of his services. In 1897, being on leave in England, he was selected by the Colonial Department to command a detachment of Gold Coast Hausas who came to London to take part in the Diamond Jubilee, and in 1898 he was ordered to the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast hinterland, where he commanded detachments of Hausas at various stations, and also acted as British Resident at Kintawpo, in the hinterland, served the greater part of the year under Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Northcott, then in command of the Gold Coast hinterland force, but lately killed whilst serving on Lord Methuen's staff in South Africa. Subsequently he was promoted Deputy Inspector-General of the Hausa Force, and has been in temporary command at Accra. On the present outbreak in Ashanti Captain Middlemist was ordered to Kumasi to command the first division of the relief force, but died of fever shortly afterwards. Our portrait is by Dinham, Torquay.

Gunner Sims, who has been given a commission as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, joined the Navy in 1875, and served on the *Ganges*, the *Alexandra*, the *Hercules*, and the *Serapis*. He passed through the gunnery school on H.M.S. *Excellent* and qualified for gunnery instructor. He then served in the *Calliope* on the Australian station, and on the *Nymph* on a three years' commission in the Pacific. Returning to England, he was on the staff of H.M.S. *Excellent*, and in 1896 joined the *Powerful* when she was first commissioned at Portsmouth. Gunner Sims was with the Naval Brigade throughout the siege of Ladysmith, and was the man who silenced the Boer "Long Tom" with the third shot from one of the 4.7 guns of the *Powerful*. Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Mr. C. E. Stead, stationmaster at Highlands, on the Natal Government Railways, has twice been mentioned in despatches by General Barton—first for conspicuous gallantry in saving a quantity

During the period of his greatest activity at the Crystal Palace, where, with Mr. August Manns, he reorganised the Saturday concerts, he edited "Macmillan's Magazine" and wrote his "Primer of Geography," while he found time to pay two long visits to the Holy Land in the interests of the Palestine Exploration Fund, of which he was one of the founders. It was the house of Macmillan that produced, under Sir George Grove's editorship, "The Dictionary of Music," contributed to by English, French, German, and Italian writers, each dealing with his own particular subjects of predilection. Among the articles contributed to "The Dictionary of Music" by the editor, those on Beethoven and Mendelssohn are particularly remarkable. The establishment of the "National Training School of Music," soon to be developed into the "Royal College of Music," was the joint work of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir George Grove; and at the Royal College Sir George had the honour of being the first Principal. Sir George Grove came of a long line of yeomen whose remains lie buried in the churchyard of Penn, in Buckinghamshire—the country of Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. It was as Director of the Royal College of Music that Sir George was knighted. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Brighton.

The Hon. William Robert Wellesley Peel, of Warwick House, St. James's, S.W., and 1, Paper Buildings, Temple, who enters Parliament for South Manchester, having won his seat by a large Unionist majority, is the eldest son of the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley, first Viscount Peel, late Speaker of the House of Commons, by his deceased wife, Adelaide, daughter of the late Sir William Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale, Warwickshire. He was born in 1867, was educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1889, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1893. He formerly held a commission in the Queen's Westminster (13th Middlesex) Volunteer Rifles, and is a member of the London County Council for Woolwich. He married last year the Hon. Eleanor Williamson, eldest daughter of the first Baron Ashton. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

His many artist friends, as well as the Anglo-Scottish public generally, will regret to hear of the death, at the comparatively early age of forty-three, of Mr. Lockhart Bogle. Mr. Bogle's upbringing in the heart of the Highlands, and his training in the important School of Art in Düsseldorf, were the source of his

Capt. Dudley Gillum Seagrim, R.G.A., died at Cape Town on the 15th inst., of abscess of the liver. Born July 7, 1867; he joined the Royal Artillery July 24, 1886; and became captain July 3, 1897. He had passed the Staff College, and served in the Burmese Expedition, 1885-89; Zho Valley Expedition, 1890; Isazai Expedition, 1892; and Waziristan Expedition, 1894-95.

Lieutenant Charles Edward Martin, 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), died at sea on board the *Diwan*, en route to the Cape, of pneumonia. Born January 8, 1876, he joined the Leinster Regiment as second lieutenant March 24, 1897, and became lieutenant July 5, 1899. Our portrait is by Wyrall and Son, Aldershot.

Second Lieutenant Basic Eric Cummings, R.A. (No. 15 Company Western Division), died at Deelfontein on the 9th inst. of enteric fever. Born March 19, 1880, he joined the Army June 25, 1899. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Lieutenant T. B. Ely, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, was the only son of Major-General Ely (retired) and Mrs. Ely. He received his commission in December, 1897, and gallantly led his company at the storming of Talana Hill, after his captain was killed. He commanded a company in all the engagements up to the relief of Ladysmith, and joined in the triumphal entry into the town. He was invalided home, but died on the voyage of enteric fever on Easter Sunday, April 15, in his twenty-fifth year. Our portrait is by E. Parnell, Brighton.

Lieutenant Stanley R. Theobald, of the 9th Lancers, whose portrait was published in last week's *Graphic*, with the announcement that he had been killed in action, is, we are glad to state, according to the latest information, alive, but a prisoner in Pretoria.

The Royal Military Tournament

THOSE who thought that the storm and stress of the Boer war would prevent the annual Military Tournament from being held at



CAPTAIN MIDDLEMIST
Died of fever at Kumasi



CAPTAIN SEELY
New M.P. for the Isle of Wight



MGR. JOHN VERTUE
Late Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth



THE LATE SIR G. GROVE
Engineer and Student of Music



THE HON. W. R. W. PEEL
New M.P. for South Manchester

of military stores when the Boers took the station, and secondly for his assistance at Mooi River during the battle, and also for assistance in restoring communication with Estcourt. When the Boers were within a short distance of Highlands, Mr. Stead, although the main telegraph line had been cut, managed to tap a line and get a message that a train was on the way from Mooi River. He remained at his post until the train came up, and after detaching his instruments he and his night clerk, Mr. Harper, got into the train and went back to Mooi River. The Boers tried to cut off the train, but were kept at a respectful distance by a deadly rifle fire which Mr. Stead and his clerk kept up from the guard's van. The Boers ineffectively shelled the train. At Mooi River Messrs. Stead and Harper volunteered to take the places of the station clerks, who had retreated south, and were both complimented by General Barton and the General Manager of Railways for the excellence of their services there.

Captain Seely, who won the Isle of Wight Election by a large Unionist majority, is at present attached to the Imperial Yeomanry, and is on active service in South Africa. He distinguished himself greatly a few days since in action with General Rundle during the advance from Senekal along the Bethlehem road. A patrol of the Hampshire Yeomanry came in contact with a body of the enemy concealed in a donga, and had to retreat, the retirement being splendidly covered by Captain Seely and ten or fifteen men, who were in advance of the main body when the firing began.

Mgr. John Vertue, Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth, was born in London in 1826. Dr. Vertue was educated at King's College, and in 1848 entered the English College in Rome. He was ordained in 1851, and four years later was appointed an Army Roman Catholic chaplain. He retired from the Army in 1882, and when the Southwark diocese was divided he was appointed Bishop of the southern part of the See. Under his management a Cathedral, eighteen churches, and two orphanages have been built, besides numerous schools. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Sir George Grove, who died of a paralytic stroke in his eighty-first year, was a man of many accomplishments, being a scientific engineer, a student of music, and a very able writer. He was born at Clapham, and selected engineering as his profession. From 1850, however, he gave up engineering for art, literature and music.

consistent claim of patriotic subjects and the thorough draughtsmanship exhibited in their portrayal. On his coming to London some fifteen years ago, *The Graphic* at once recognised his undoubted merits as a black-and-white artist, and for years many of his best drawings appeared in this journal. Mr. Bogle's pictures in the Academy included "Piper Mackay at Quatre Bras," "The Cateran's Courtship," and "The Pibroch," the latter being, we understand, now in a public gallery in America. Among his many portraits will be remembered those of the present Duke of Argyll and his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, in full Highland costume, and an admirable portrait of his aged mother. On the question of Scottish antiquarian subjects Mr. Bogle was especially enthusiastic.

VICTIMS OF THE WAR

CAPTAIN LEONARD HEAD, 1st Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, was dangerously wounded on the Zand River on the 10th inst., and afterwards died of his wounds. Born June 24, 1867, he joined the East Lancashire Regiment as second lieutenant February 11, 1888; became lieutenant August 10, 1890; was Adjutant 1894-98; and became captain July 1, 1896. He served in the operations in Chitral, 1895, with the relief force. Our portrait is by Debenham, Southsea.

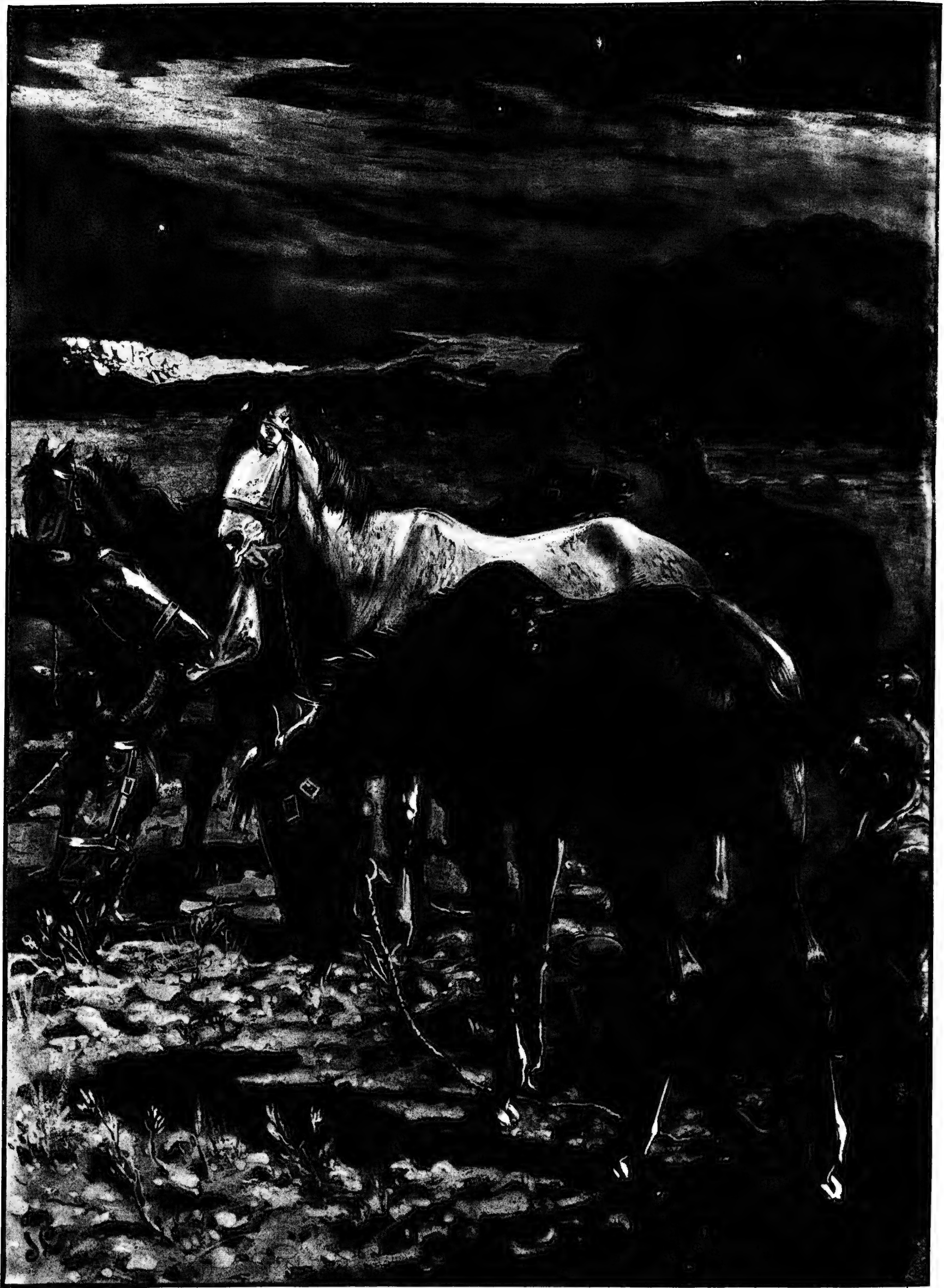
Captain C. K. Elworthy, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, was killed at the Zand River. He joined his regiment, of which he was the senior captain, in 1889, and obtained his captaincy in 1895.

Captain R. Fawcett, of the Royal Army Medical Corps (2nd Life Guards), died of dysentery at Bloemfontein. Born March 4, 1869, the third son of the late Rev. Robert Fawcett, he entered the Army July 29, 1895; and joined the 2nd Life Guards September 19, 1897.

Major Henry Stevens le Marchant Guille, Royal Artillery, doing duty with the Army Ordnance Department, died at Bloemfontein of wounds received at Kimberley on the 9th inst. Born February 22, 1862, he joined the Royal Artillery February 22, 1882; became captain April 30, 1890; major January 4, 1900. He had passed the Ordnance College, was Inspector of Warlike Stores, Cape Town, 1892-96, and became Ordnance Officer, 4th class, April 1, 1898. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

the Agricultural Hall were much mistaken. The Tournament was duly held and, all things considered, has been found fully equal to those which have been held before it in the piping times of peace. And it has also been fully up to date in the various items, for which novelty and immediate public interest could be claimed. Much of the programme is and must be perennial; the competitions with lance and bayonet, foil and sabre; the wrestling on horseback, the gun drill by the men of the *Excellent*, the musical rides and artillery drives, always so picturesque with their kaleidoscope effects of ever-shifting colour, fluttering pennons, and the martial accompaniment of the jingle and clatter of the horse trappings—all these and others are permanently on the bill of the Tournament, and we could not do without them. But in the special features of the programme the public expects something it has not seen before, and it is never disappointed. This year, for instance, what could be more interesting than the feature shown in our illustration—the naval 4.7 gun, with its team of oxen and its crew of gallant bluejackets? Just such a gun and team and men have been serving the cause of the Empire in South Africa. Needless to say their appearance in the arena was daily hailed with cheers and hearty rounds of applause. The pageant, too, with its three periods of the Volunteer movement, 1798, 1859, and 1900, is as interesting as any that went before, and it has marked most fittingly a year in which the Volunteer movement has reached its highest point as yet in utility and in appreciation. The quaint old fellows of 1798, the men of the great revival of 1859, and, finally, the khaki-clad heroes of to-day, march in serried ranks and present a most striking and instructive spectacle. This one item of the programme is sufficient to make the Tournament of this year a memorable one, though probably the honours will be voted by the public to that long brown gun and its strange team of long-horned, slow-moving oxen.

"SCOTS WHA HAE!"—A committee of prominent Scotsmen in London, under the presidency of Archdeacon Sinclair has lately been formed with the kindly object of presenting a packet of tobacco and a pipe to each of the men, numbering about 21,000, in the Scottish regiments now serving in South Africa. Subscriptions to this most commendable "Scottish Regiments Gift Fund" may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir J. R. D. McGrigor, Bart., 25, Charles Street, St. James's Square, S.W.



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

Our Special Artist writes:—"The conventional idea is that one lies down under the light of the stars, thinking perhaps of the battle to take place next day, or of the friends far away. The real experience is the same as far as the moonlight or starlight is concerned. On most cases everyone being dead tired is asleep before there is much time for thought. Then sleep is disturbed, not by the booming of the enemy's cannon, or anything half so romantic, but by some horrible half-starved horse, or mule, who have pulled

up the pegs to which they are tethered, come wandering through the camp, sometimes singly, at others tied together and fighting for the nose bag which they have brought with them or found lying on the ground. In the case in point, they stepped on and pulverised the water bottle of an officer, and this is a serious matter on active service."

A MOONLIGHT BIVOUAC: A REAL THOUGH UNCONVENTIONAL EXPERIENCE

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CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

CHAPTER XI.—(continued)

CHLORIS was at the door, and she wavered; then she set back the latch with a swift, convulsive action of her shaking fingers; the handle turned, and Warburton stood before her in the room. She made no movement from him, but stood regarding him with a warmth of colour in her face, and changing, flickering eyes.

"What do you want here, Mr. Warburton?" she asked in a voice which had been steadied by an effort. "This is no place for you. Why are you not gone?"

"I am come for you," he replied.

"You should have left the island," she went on swiftly, paying this no heed. "It was rash and foolish, it was a crime in you to delay. And what do you here in the heart of this very house that hates you?"

"There is one that does not hate me," says he.

She struck her hand passionately against the wainscot. "I—I abhor you," she cried. "Get you gone out of my sight. I will never see you more. I call God to witness I will never see you more."

He answered nothing to that outbreak, but fastened his gaze upon her wonderful face. "I am come for you, Chloris," he repeated.

"You are in danger," she sobbed. "I warn you that you are in danger. Who is below? Where are they hidden? How did you enter? Have you slain them all—father and brothers?" she sobbed.

"Nay," he said, "but they are out hunting me upon the hills; the house is deserted; there is no one here within sound or sight."

"They will come back," she said weeping. "They will not leave the house unguarded. They may be here at any moment. I pray you, go before they return and find you."

"They will not find me," he answered quietly.

She sprang towards him furiously. "You—you—what is it you mean? You shall go into the night and die when you will. They shall catch you on the hills. I will hand you over to them, and they will kill you. You are a coward and a spy and a traitor. The gallows is your due. I thank my God that I have still two brothers to rid the world of such as you."

"Cease, Chloris," said he with authority. "I tell you I am here for you. Understand me. Faith, child, it is no use to struggle against your fortune. It is your destiny that what I will that you shall do."

"I will do nothing of what you will, but only what is my will," she said pitifully.

"Child, your will is mine," he answered. "Come, give me your hand," and he took the hot, quivering fingers in his grasp and set it to her beating bosom. "I know what is that pulse, and how it throbs."

"It comes of hate," she broke out.

"Nay, but love," he said, clutching the struggling fingers tighter. "Do not fight me like a bird that fights the hawk. That is folly, Chloris. You love me. Look in my eyes. Yours, my dear, are

round and sweet and wild—a great, grey sea that breaks tumultuously. You think that love lies drowned there, overwhelmed by this storm of fury. It is nothing of the sort. Wait a little, and I shall see it rise again, warm, soft, and beautiful. Chloris, look in my eyes. You shall not drop your lashes." He seized her face between his hands and held her to the light, flushing bright, and hot and shaken with alarm.

"There it rises," he said. "It is a resurrection from that great sea. She gives up her dead. Dead! Faith, not so—'tis alive and quick. Chloris, my sweet, you are a handsome liar. You love me. By Heaven, you love me."

Her eyes, naked and transparent, glowed upon him, and he drew the face nearer till his lips pressed full upon hers. Then she drew back, snatching herself, as it were, with a great wrench out of the peril that she feared.

"I will bring Nick upon you," she said convulsively. "You are cruel to be here."

"I can make no discrimination between words so delicately," he returned, caressing her. "Let Nick come. Cruel! Indeed I know not; I give no time to words. 'Tis what I feel and act that interests me."

"But you are our enemy," she protested, still resisting. "They say you are sworn to destroy us. I may not love you."

"Aye," said Warburton, "'tis true I am foe to this family. I believe I am worse. I think there is none of whom this house of Carmichaels stands in such dread. It is impossible that there should be anything but hostility between us."

"Yet you come here . . ." she cried. "You say you love me. What would you do? Ah! why are you here?"

"I am here to exact vengeance," he answered grimly. "Your father and your brothers lie in my power. I have the noose about them. I vowed I would wipe out the blood that ran such a colour."

"I may not love you," she said, and moved towards the window, her face now lowered. "'Tis wrong in you to ask this of me. 'Tis unnatural."

Warburton smiled, for in his eyes was the light of triumph. "Unnatural!" he echoed her. "No, my dear, but very much in tune with my feelings and yours. I read you like an open page. I am come to take vengeance on your house."

She shook again with a swift succession of emotions. "Would you take vengeance on a woman?" she cried pitifully.

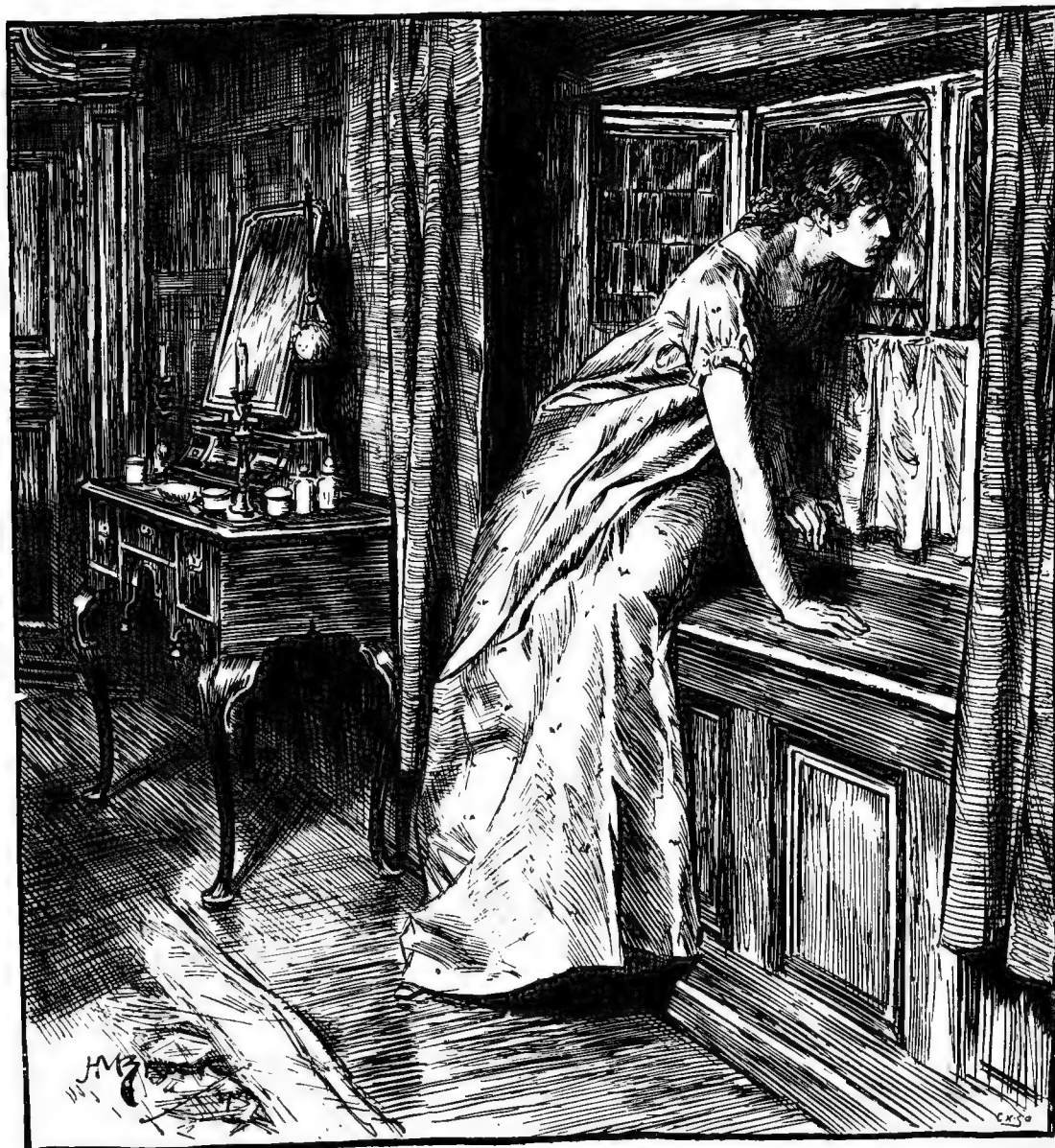
"Aye," says he, "on a woman, were she you."

"What, on me, on me?" she wailed, covering up her face.

"I read you like an open page," he said again. "I can compel you, Chloris. I give not a curse what motives press me; I know that I love you, and where my hand is laid there it stays. I am frank to you, for I love to see your face and its fears. But I shall claim you, child—you are mine."



"Chloris, look in my eyes. You shall not drop your lashes." He seized her face between his hands and held her to the light.



"She threw herself upon the sill, and there, half leaning and half sitting, stared out of the jewelled panes into a starless night"

"I am not yours," she answered passionately; "I am myself, I am my own. Do you think a Carmichael is slave to any? You can take no vengeance on me, unless you slay me. Here," she cried, in a sharper and more resolute voice, and pointing at her heaving bosom, "strike here. Yes, you shall strike here and slay me. Execute your revenge on this house, if you will. I have nothing to oppose to it. There is a dagger to your hand. I bid you strike!"

Even in the full, quick rush of his hot feelings, Warburton was arrested by some thought which rose up like a warning post before him. His course, so swift and giddy as it had become, yet was stayed for a moment by a suspicion—a vague and distant realisation that there was something different from what he had looked for. This voice and cry called from another spirit than he had imagined—a fainter spirit, a more innocent spirit, the soul of a child rather than of a woman. But the fancy flashed and was gone; his speed was too headlong and too forthright for him to tarry and analyse the situation.

"I will not slay you," he said. "Men do not kill what they love. You are mine."

He took her in his arms, and once more her mood yielded, and she wept.

"Cruel! You hate me and my race," she sobbed. "Nay, not you," says he. "But your race is evil. You come of a black blood, Chloris. Come, why do you weep? It is foolish. Is this the hard heart that is sorry for herself, and laughed a month ago at a poor man's death?"

"I knew not he was dead," she sobbed; "I thought 'twas but a quarrel."

And again something was stirred uncomfortably in Warburton's hot brain, but it passed. He drew her closer still.

"Weep not," he said softly.

"I weep not for myself," she said; "I know not why I weep. It may be that I weep for the brothers and the father you would destroy."

"Sweetheart," said he, "fear not! 'Tis enough that you love me."

The breath of her nostrils stirred upon his neck. "I love you; I love you!" she whispered brokenly.

"Why, dear, I knew it from the first," says he. "I am sworn against your house, yet you love me, and shall do as I desire."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEA REFUSES WARBURTON

SUDDENLY there was a knocking upon the door. The girl stood for a moment aghast, and then ran with swift steps and shot the bolt softly, and inaudibly, turning a blanched face to Warburton.

"Chloris, Chloris," called Nicholas Carmichael's voice. She was deathly white and deathly silent, and her features were in the grasp of a rigid terror.

"Chloris, it is I, open," cried Nicholas Carmichael, as Warburton had cried some time before.

"What is it you want?" answered Chloris at last. "You are too late to enter."

"Pooh!" says her brother. "Let me in, and be not foolish. I desire some talk with you," and he rattled the handle of the door in his impatience.

"You cannot enter, Nicholas," she cried, breathing deeply, and with some vehemence in her voice. "I am—'tis too late. I am not prepared for you."

"Damme!" said Nicholas. "Why all this ceremony?"

"I am disrobed," she cried with a gasp in her throat; and on that followed a little silence. "What is it you want with me? I will dress and come to you."

"Open the door," he said roughly, and shook it again. She cast a terrified look on Warburton, who had stood still, his face inanimate, watching her dispassionately now and even with a look of wonder. He made a sign, and, stepping back, put the lamp low, shrinking into the shadows. Chloris unbolted the door, and faced her brother.

"Are you gone to bed?" he asked.

She held herself within the darkness lest he should perceive.

"'Tis late," she said. "What want you?"

"Chloris, there is some damnable business afoot," he said angrily. "Have you seen my father?"

"Nay," she answered. "I left him in the library reading."

"True—there he lay when I came in. But why? Know you why we are on the hills to-night?"

"There is a cargo run?" she suggested faintly.

"Would that leave the house deserted?" he asked with a sneer. "'Tis that damned meddler, Warburton. We had a line across the island to catch him, but he has escaped us. He entered the house."

She uttered a cry.

"'Tis my father says so," went on Nicholas. "There was a duel, and the devil left him for dead. Whither did he go, I ask you? He entered the house; his feet went up the stairs."

"Went up the stairs," she echoed blankly.

"Aye," says he. "Do you know anything? Have you heard anything? You have been awake."

"I—I—dozed," she murmured.

"It is nonsense," said he. "You would hear such sounds."

"It may be he went lightly," she said.

"You must have heard him," he urged impatiently. "Come, Chloris, it is important that I should know. He holds all our lives, damn him. Did you hear no noise?"

"There was only the sound of the sea," she replied, after a pause, "and a bird that sang in the thickets."

"Pish!" said he. "What do you tremble at?"

"What would you do with him, Nicholas?" she asked tremulously.

"Hang him to the cedar, throw him on the Frenchmen's knives—I care not what, but he shall never leave Lynsea alive. Why do you tremble? Your voice shakes. What is it you fear?"

"I—I fear for you, Nick," she answered brokenly.

He laughed. "Better fear for him," he said scornfully.

"I fear for my father," she said.

"True; he is desperately ill," he answered. "You may fear for him. It lies against that man, Warburton. There was a sound of weeping in the room, sister. How came you weeping?"

"I was weeping for myself, brother," she answered.

"Bah! what have you to weep for? We Carmichaels are of stiffer stuff. You are no pap-child with day-dreams."

"I have no mother, Nicholas; she is long dead," says she, very low to hear.

He was silent, and then, "You heard no sound?" he asked again.

"I heard nothing save the sea and the late birds calling," she said. He turned away with a brusque good-night, and Chloris, at the door, listened to his descending feet. Then she closed the door, and turned to Warburton, where he lay hidden in the obscure shadows. He put up the lamp, and the illumination showed her countenance as white as her gown.

"I have saved you," she burst forth eagerly, moving her slender hands towards him instinctively.

"No; you have saved your brother," said Warburton. She watched him with a heaving of the bosom and a long, shuddering indrawing of the breath.

"Is my father dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"If he is dead," said he coldly, "'tis by no act of mine. He would force a duel upon me, but I could not fight an old man. I could have pierced him through, but I threw down the sword."

"How can you escape?" she asked wildly.

His brain was beset with doubts; he seemed to himself in a haze; though things were distorted out of their just proportions. In that room he could not think rightly nor could he determine his plan among those bewildering emotions. The huge body of that strong will and nature, shaken in its foundations, rolled and wavered and might not come to rest.

"I will go," said he.

She clung to him. "How can you go with those awaiting you?" she asked pleadingly.

"Tut, child, I will go. I do not fear them," he said, putting her with decision from him. He was so greatly harassed with his thoughts that even her touch was nothing to him.

"Let me come with you," she cried, beseeching him with her spirited eyes. "If you must die I will die with you."

"You speak wildly, Chloris dear," said he more gently. "Get you to your bed and slumber. I am arbiter of my fate, and no woman."

She let him go. "How can I rest?" she said sadly. "I cannot move you. It is true what you say. There is no one who can persuade you. Go, then to what awaits you. I cannot help you."

He laughed. "I will help myself."

She sprang upon him in a tide of passion and put her arms about his neck, crying out that she loved him, and that he should not die, while Warburton listened with quiet patience, soothing her. Already he had set his face to the hills and the sea, and was already in his mind rapt into some conflict of the night. He put her aside, and went to the door.

"Sleep soundly, child," said he, and vanished into the darkness very still and sudden. Chloris Carmichael ran to the door, and stood listening to his footfalls, till they died away, and then she

heard the creak of a door that was opened in the distance; at which she sped like a frightened bird to the window that looked on the park. She threw herself upon the sill, and there, half-leaning and half-sitting, stared out of the jewelled panes into a starless night, as if she could rend and dis sever the blackness and discover what she desired. Warburton passed through the empty hall unhindered, and, opening the great door, stepped out upon the upper terrace. As he went down the slope of lawns he turned and looked at the upper windows. From Chloris's room the yellow eyes of the mullions peered down at him, and as he watched the window slid open and Chloris's face appeared in the gap, gold with the yellow lamp and the golden hangings. He saw it again when he looked some time later from the margin of the park, but blurred and faint and dwindled. It was infinitely little in the vast blackness of night. It shone to him like a friendly star or beacon guiding him upon his course; yet so little might that tiny speck of light avail against the immensity of darkness, that when he cast back a glance again, it was wholly gone, swallowed and confounded in the melancholy night.

And yet this night, which had grown so thick, was hardly among Warburton's foes. Its shadows were friendly to him, serving him for a refuge as he threaded his way across Lynsea. He travelled in that darkness as safe as in a ship over stormy waters and among treacherous rocks. He had a plan before him, marked out quickly and slowly and tenaciously developed; for he was resolved to leave the island ere the morning rose and exposed him to his unscrupulous enemies. There was one way to do this, and so far as he could see, one way only. No boat was available, and he must swim to the mainland. The point for decision in his mind was at what place to jump off upon this hazardous enterprise. The Gut was but half a mile across at the narrowest, yet he had already had a taste of those roaring seas, and he shrank from adventuring them again. On the other hand, to reach the village from which he had embarked that morning would be to swim more than a mile. Sometimes he thought of the Gut with a growing resolution.

"Aye; the Gut it shall be," he said.

But at once returned the memory of the cutter afloat, bottom upwards, and of a man tossing wildly to the dwindling stars. And through the current of these grave reflections passed a most bewildered dread, that assailed him and came back freshly to the attack, biting and stinging in his conscience. Now that he was fairly in the open he could not throw off the amazing doubt that had beset him in Chloris's presence. Had he done her a wrong in his interpretation of her conduct and her character? Was it possible after all that she was what she had seemed this night, nothing but a white and passionate soul, capable of a great sacrifice, generous to the pitch of folly, and blazing with sincerity? His mind moved very reluctantly upon its hinges and very gradually; yet it appeared to be turning obstinately in that direction. A man of sharper wit, or a keener imagination, would have come to a conclusion at once, and taken one direction or another. But Warburton was not of such stuff. He was slow, conscientious, dogged, and he laboured upon his problem with patience, good-temper, and courage, yet with increasing dismay and rising agitation. By the time he had reached the beach he was a tangle of troubled doubts. His heart beat strongly, and his body went hot and cool in the alternation of his emotions. Had he brought ruin upon one poor pitiful girl, destitute of her friends, and lying under the bloody hands of that ruthless house? The supposition brought him up with a gasp and a shudder, and he muttered to himself, standing upon the brink of the water, and eyeing an invisible and moaning sea.

"By God, but I should deserve what I am promised," he exclaimed with an oath. "Yet," he added, "I will never believe it; I cannot credit it. She is too like a witch. 'Tis in that blood."

Heaven was stark blackness, in which not even one small white star opened. The wind came off the land, sweet and sighing, and out of the abyss before him rose the hollow voices of the channel, some near and loud, and others very faint and distant. The flaws and the tides were moving in the Gut, and the waters rocked and fought together. Warburton, from his post on the margin of the sands, could see the water grey-black at his feet, but it joined the general darkness at a little distance, and became not a stretch of ocean with tumbling waves and rollers, but a monstrous musical and terrifying sound, drummed out the night and droning in the ears.

He heard it with but half his mind, for he was sorely beleaguered by his remorseful doubts. A wave of shame struck out from his heart and overwhelmed him, so that he cursed savagely and made a vehement step forward. He slipped, his face struck the cool sea, and the next moment he was in deep water, and the tide was drawing him outwards.

"By Heaven! 'tis the best thing," said he, as he flung his arms out in a great stroke. "'Tis a foe that I can fight, and at least 'tis no woman."

This was now the third time he had been obliged to give battle to that outlandish sea, and it passed through his head that his fortune must indeed be involved in the waters of that broken coast. The third time, according to the voice of superstition, was accounted ominous, but he could not guess whether for him the omens were good or bad. For one thing, because of the ink-black quality of the sky he, was not aware in what course he was travelling. It might be seaward or it might be towards the mainland, or, indeed, he might be hurrying fast for that ruthless and formidable channel. All that he could do was to keep himself afloat, and husband his strength with gentle strokes which were sufficient to maintain his progress in the current. Lynsea had dropped away from him like a vanished phantom, and he rolled forward into the unknown spaces among crested waves and down moving hollows. Presently he began to hope that he had escaped the tides that make for the portals of the Gut, for he could not but suppose that otherwise the water would be greatly rougher. Yet he might very well be crawling out upon the face of the ocean, farther and farther from land. And next he fell to wondering how long he could keep himself afloat. He plied his strokes with economy, yet even so the aching of his arms and shoulders warned him that a term would come to his physical endurance sooner or later. He tried to guess how soon it would be, or how late. Alas! he was clear now that it must come soon, and not late!

The salt was in his mouth, and heavy weights dragged at his feet as though he were being pulled in silence downward into those immeasurable deeps by clutching hands. The cold waves buffeted his face, surging under and around him, and he tossed like a snip,

submerged and re-arising; there was in his ears a dull and vague roaring as of a sound from unfathomable wells far away. He knew that this struggle could not last. Yet, strangely enough, his wits were sharper and his mind was more tenacious than ever; while his senses flowed slowly from him, and their impressions grew dim, feeble, and unreal, the life burned brightly in his brain, turning him to the contemplation of things bygone and remote. In the dying flutter of the fires within him his emotions were more delicate and keen than they were used to be in broad life; he recoiled at events to pass judgment and be sad. There seemed few corners of his life which did not yield up their secrets in that moment; light flooded them, revealing their most private ghosts. The least most distinguished name, and himself already a man of some fame, Warburton had lived his early manhood like his fellows of the epoch. Yet now what sins he had committed came back upon him with some compassion for himself and some shame and sorrow for others. The drab and parti-coloured pageant of his life passed in a disarray before him, and faded, leaving one face that watched him out of deep, grey, and kindling eyes. It moved not, but sat upon the brain, steadfast, still, and sad. If he stared up in the blackness it was there; and if upon the cold water, there, too, it gazed on him. The revulsion in his mind was swift and strong, and overpowering; he felt that he cried out in an agony, for his nerve had grown taut with this physical exhaustion. He had never hid his face, but he could not hide hers; she abode, like his memory. He was now only dimly conscious of her, and she had risen out of the sea and bent over him, succouring him with those kind, wild eyes. A fierce light issued from them, but the light of—What light was it? He had thought of the savagery, the character of that strange blood which was exiled from her father and her brothers; but what inspired that bright, life that sprang in every feature of her countenance? Nay, he realised it now; it was what he had never seen in those faces of his countrywomen; yet surely it had a name, a name that name he knew. . . . He laid his head upon the water, and his hair that streamed over her bosom, and her cool, white fingers to and fro upon his brow. All sounds fell into a low, distant murmur, the wind and the waves rocked him; there was of a sudden a jar, a convulsion shook him—and his feet were upon sand in shallow water, while his body rose and fell with the movements of a great patch of seaweed on which he lay.

(To be continued)

Two Fever Doctors

A TRULY strange occupation is fever-hunting, and one not to be generally recommended either for its sport or adventure, as the odds are all against the hunter and in favour of the fever. Still the two medical gentlemen depicted in the accompanying photographs



DR. LOUIS SAMBON

Who is investigating the cause of malarial fever

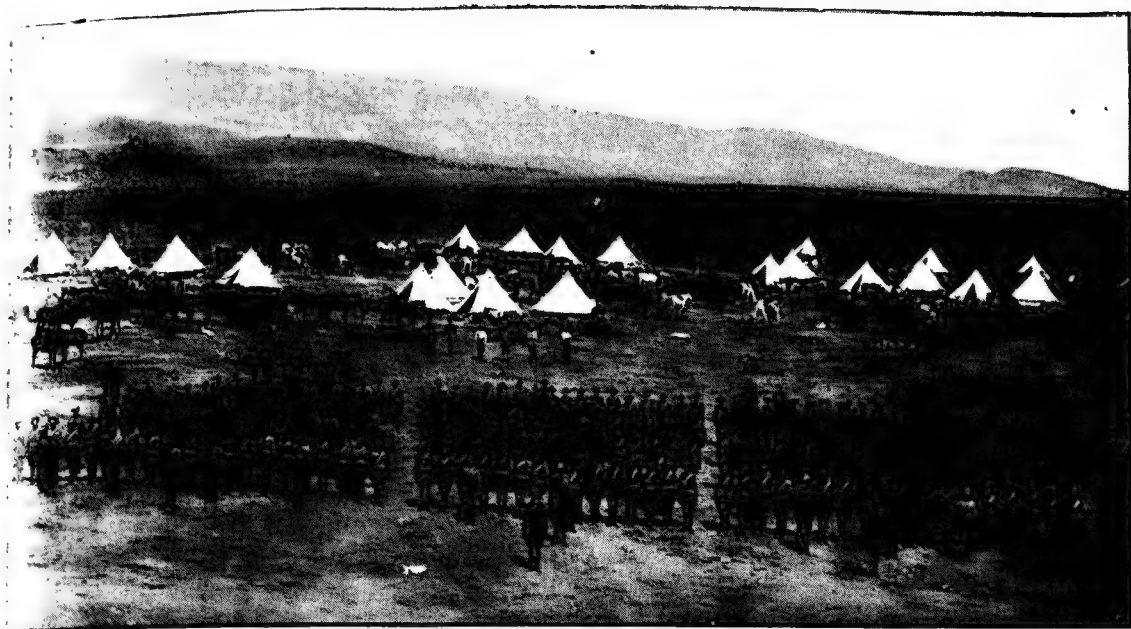
It is to prove beyond doubt that this is the case that these doctors are now living in what is practically the deadliest spot on earth, for the Roman Campagna reeks with malaria, and is home of the mosquito. The idea is that the mosquito carries



DR. LOW

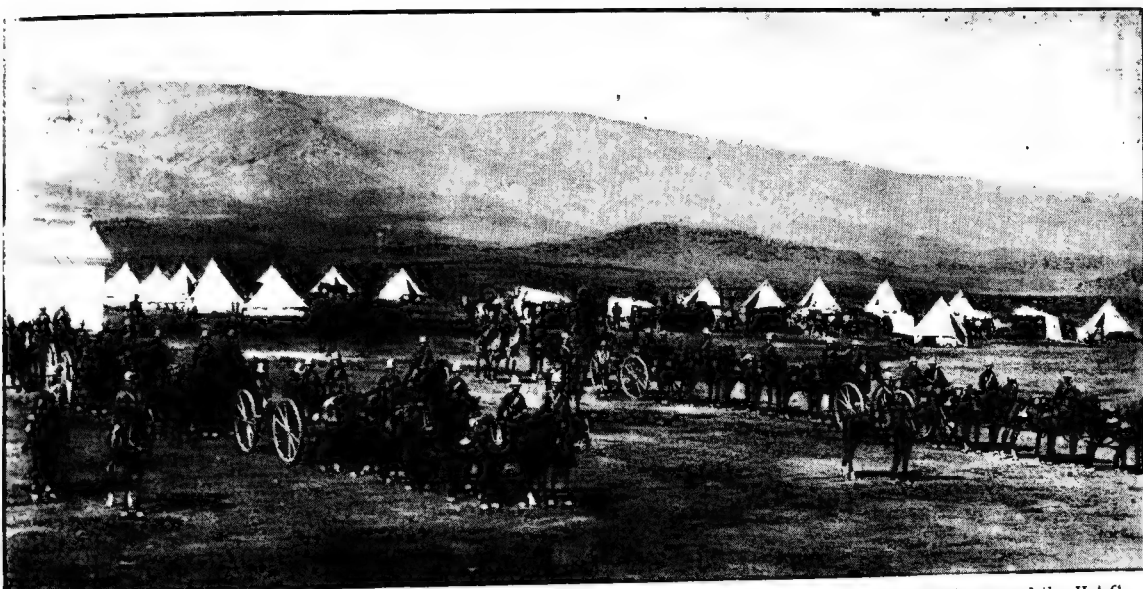
Who is investigating the cause of malarial fever

fever from man to man. In biting infected being sucks up the parasite of the fever, a small jelly-like mal, which, living in the corpuscles of blood for several days, splits up into twenty particles, breaking through corpuscles free in the blood. This parasite goes certain changes inside the tiny body of the mosquito, and is injected into the next person who the insect bites. What a grim malaria has upon Italy will be gathered from the fact that two million people there suffer annually from it, fifteen thousand succumbing; and amongst the peasants who are endeavouring to reclaim part of the Campagna, and live in the very theatre of the disease, the death-rate is much greater, for they take no precautions against contracting the disease.



This detachment of the City Imperial Volunteers, which was in camp at Matjesfontein, numbered 450, and was under the command of Colonel Meyrick. The photograph (which is by E. D. Edgcome, Beaufort West) was taken when the men were about to march across the Karoo to Sutherland and Fraserburg to check the rebels who were gathering in those districts

A DETACHMENT OF CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS LEAVING CAMP



With the force of City Imperial Volunteers, Imperial Yeomanry, and Colonial Volunteers at Matjesfontein, was a half-battery of the H.A.C. who belong to the C.I.V.'s. The men are here represented going out for gunnery practice on the surrounding hills. Our photograph is by E. D. Edgcome, Beaufort West

HALF A BATTERY OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY ATTACHED TO THE C.I.V.



The men here shown belong to the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, who were mobilised at Matjesfontein, where they were joined by the Northumberland, Shropshire, and Worcestershire detachments of the Imperial Yeomanry. The regiment, which is commanded by Colonel Spence, is over 1,000 strong. In our photograph, which is by E. D. Edgcome, Beaufort West, a company is seen at work with their Maxim while on the way to Sutherland to meet the rebels. The Maxim was presented to the regiment by the Hon. G. D. Logan, M.L.C.

A CAPE VOLUNTEER MAXIM COMPANY AT WORK

The doctors are now living at this spot in a specially constructed mosquito-proof hut, which they took with them from England. It is not their intention to get bitten if they can possibly avoid it, for to prove the theory beyond doubt they wish to reside in this spot where fever is rampant without being bitten, and will conclude that not being bitten and not taking fever the theory is correct.

The importance of this experiment cannot fail to appeal to those who have any knowledge of the ravages of malaria in the colonies, where it is the most terrible disease we have to contend with, particularly in the African tropics and India. In the latter country the deaths from malaria total to five millions yearly, while on the Gold Coast it is a terrible scourge. Our portraits are by F. Foulsham, Wigmore Street.

The Week at the Opera

THE present week at Covent Garden has been devoted more or less to repetitions, including *Lohengrin*, with Frau Ternina and Herr Slezac, *La Bohème*, with Madame Melba and Miss Lucille Hill, and *Aida*, with Miss MacIntyre. *Faust* is announced for Friday of this week, with Madame Melba for the first time this season as Marguerite, while Beethoven's *Fidelio* is to be given on Saturday, with Frau Ternina as the faithful wife. Four nights of next week will be devoted to the first cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*; and it seems that Herr Kraus, who, just before the season opened, relinquished his engagement, will, after all, be able to play Siegfried. Frau Mottl will be Sieglinde, M. de la Tour Loge, Herr Dippel Siegmund, Herr Van Rooy Wotan, and, probably, Frau Ternina Brünnhilde. The casts, however, are more or less open to alteration, and they will certainly be changed during the second cycle. As at present arranged, in the following week Madame Calvé will again appear, and M. Jean de Reszké will make his *reentrée*.

The first fortnight of the season has proved the most successful, from a financial point of view, of the last dozen years. The only really poor attendance was that for *Rigoletto*, for this opera is now more or less out of date. Nevertheless, the performance was of some interest, if only for the *début* of Miss Miranda, who has been described as an Australian soprano, but who, although born in the Antipodes, is, it ultimately proved, English by parentage on both sides. Her father was Mr. Miranda, a Jewish tenor, who used, some thirty years ago, to sing at concerts, and who also gave an annual performance of the cantata *Tam o' Shanter*, by his teacher, the late Howard Glover, a well-known composer, and at that time musical critic of the *Morning Post*. Miss Miranda's mother was Miss Hurst, a Yorkshire lady, and at one time a popular vocalist at concerts. When she and her husband emigrated to Australia she took to teaching singing, and has since become a successful and even eminent professor of that art. Miss Miranda is her mother's pupil, and she shows great artistic capabilities, and a pretty, if not particularly powerful voice, with some brilliant high notes. Signor Scotti as *Rigoletto* and Signor Bonci as the Duke sang and acted the Italian music in a manner which showed how they loved it.

Madame Calvé's last two appearances for the present were in *Faust* and *Carmen*. Marguerite, however, hardly suits her, dramatic being more in her line than poetic parts. She, nevertheless gave a highly interesting, and in almost every respect very original reading of the rôle, her chief idea, apparently, being to escape from tradition, particularly in the church scene, and in the love duet in the garden, which she acted in far more impassioned manner than we are accustomed to in the French presentation of Goethe's heroine. She was well supported by M. Saléza, who now made his first appearance this year. In *Carmen*, which attracted one of the finest houses of the season, Madame Calvé was at her best, and has rarely shown more effectively the sharp contrast between the abandon of the scene of fascination in the tavern, and the tragic gloom of the situation in the Smugglers' Cave. This time she had an extremely vigorous and dramatic Don Jose in M. Imbart de la Tour. *Tannhäuser* has been repeated with Herr Slezac, a manly and handsome representative of the part. Frau Ternina's Elizabeth was again highly admired. Saturday saw the first appearance this season of Madame Melba as Juliette, again a poetic and at times emotional, while always a charming vocal, representative of the part. Madame Melba had excellent partners in M. Saléza as Romeo, a character obviously modelled on that of M. Jean de Reszké, and M. Plançon as Friar Laurence. The new dresses for the dancers and guests now made the ball scene a very handsome spectacle.

MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

The sudden death (on Saturday) is announced from Philadelphia of Signor del Puente, who for some years was the leading baritone of Her Majesty's Opera. As a young fellow of five-and-twenty he came to London in 1873, at the time when Sir Michael Costa was conductor at Drury Lane, where he made his *début* as *Rigoletto*. He was then accustomed to the vast space of La Scala, Milan, so that both as a singer and actor he was rather exaggerative. He, however, soon toned down, and for some years played the chief baritone parts in the new and old works of the operatic repertory. Among other things he was the original Toreador at the first production in England of *Carmen*, although, artist-like, he at first refused the part, declaring that it was only fit for a member of the chorus. It is curious that Madame Valleria also protested against the rôle of Michaela, and Campanini at first utterly refused to sing Don Jose, on the ground that he had no tenor *romanza*, and that his principal duet was not with a *prima donna* at all. In short, the artists freely prophesied the failure of *Carmen*, a fact which again shows that great vocalists are not by any means the best judges of opera.

The programme for the Selection Day of the Handel Festival has now been settled. As we have already announced, two parts of *Judas Maccabæus* will form the first portion of the programme, after which there will be a miscellaneous selection. The latter will include "Honour and Arms" for Mr. Bloet, "Let the Bright Seraphim" for Miss Russell, "Waft Her Angels" for Mr. Ben Davies, "Ombra mai fu" for Miss Brema, "Love in Her Eyes" for Mr. Lloyd, and "Oh Ruddier than the Cherry" for Mr. Santley.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, M.A.

On March 31 a severe engagement between part of Colonel Plumer's force, consisting of 207 mounted men, and the Boers, took place between Kamathlabama and Mafeking, about six miles from the latter place. The engagement lasted from three o'clock till six in the afternoon. The enemy, who were in great force, outflanked Colonel Plumer on both sides, persistently attempting to encircle him and compelled him to withdraw gradually on Kamathlabama, a distance of ten miles,

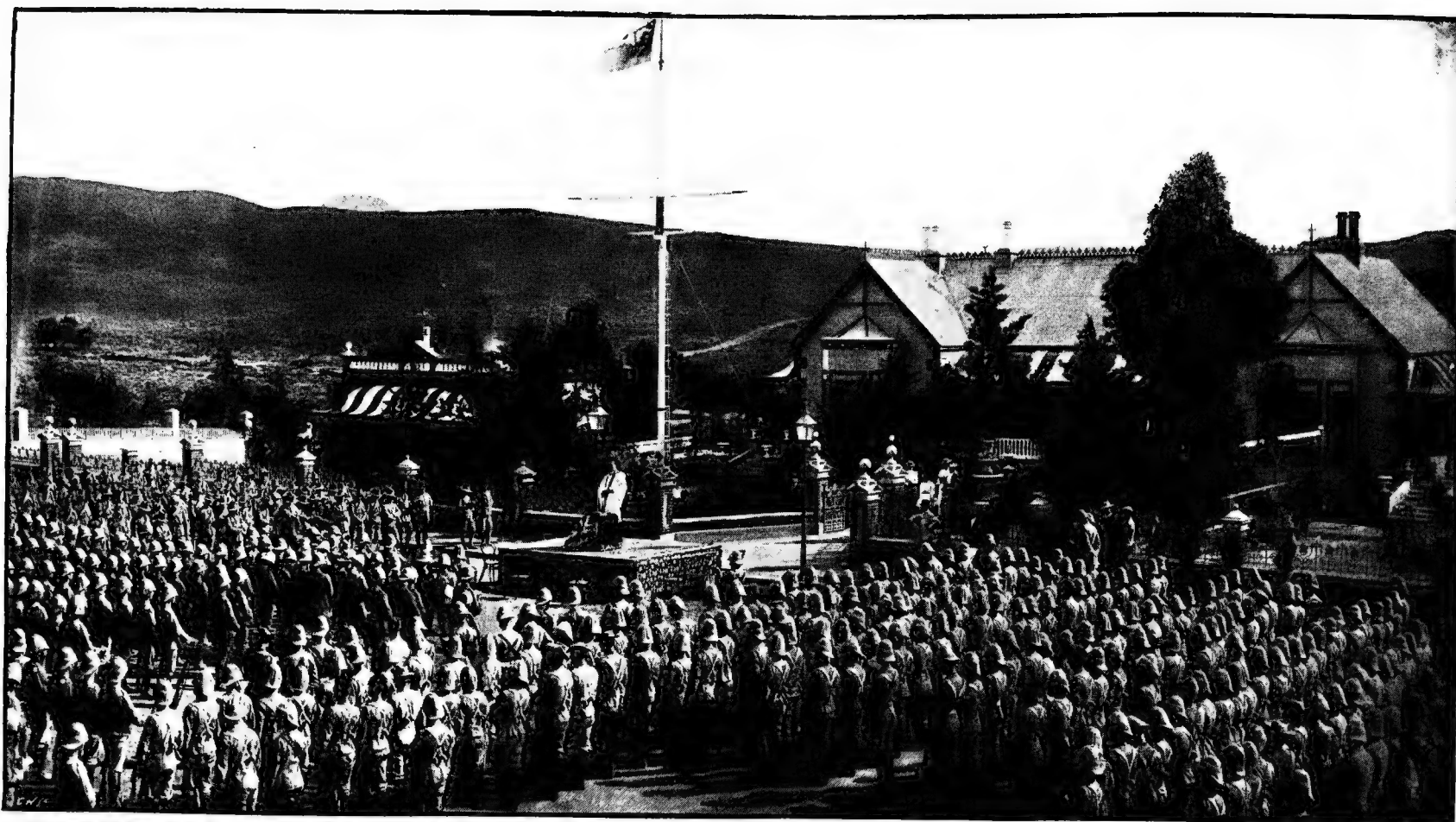
and subsequently to the base camp. The retirement was well carried out, the squadrons back in succession under heavy fire in good order, but there were many casualties. Lieut. Frank Milligan, Rhodesian Regiment, was killed, Captain MacLaren, 13th Hussars, was wounded, while Captain Fred Crewe, Southern Rhodesian Volunteers, lost his life through going on in a troop whose horse was killed. Seven non-commissioned officers and men were

wounded, and seven were missing. The fight was conducted on Colonel Plumer's side under great difficulties. It took place in the proximity of the Boer laagers, from which reinforcements of men and guns could promptly be sent. At the point where the engagement began there was little cover available for the British force, the veldt being but sparsely wooded. Railway embankment was the chief protection. The Rhodesians, nevertheless, behaved with the

greatest gallantry. With the exception of a few rounds fired by the Boers, it is estimated that the fire on both sides was entirely rifle fire. Nearly half of the officers of the relieving force were hurt more or less severely. Colonel Plumer was slightly wounded in the right arm, and his horse was shot under him.

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK L. MACKENZIE

COLONEL PLUMER'S GALLANT BUT ILL-FATED ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE MAFEKING FROM THE NORTH



A Correspondent at Matjesfontein writes:—"On Sundays the troops here, which consist of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, 450 men of the City Imperial Volunteers, and the Northumberland, Shropshire, and Worcestershire Contingents of the Imperial Volunteers, meet for church parade in front of

the Hon. J. D. Logan's residence. The band of the 'Duke's' supplies the music and the chaplain of the regiment conducts the service." Our illustration is from a photograph by E. D. Edgcome, Beaufort West

CHURCH PARADE BY THE VOLUNTEER GARRISON AT MATJESFONTEIN



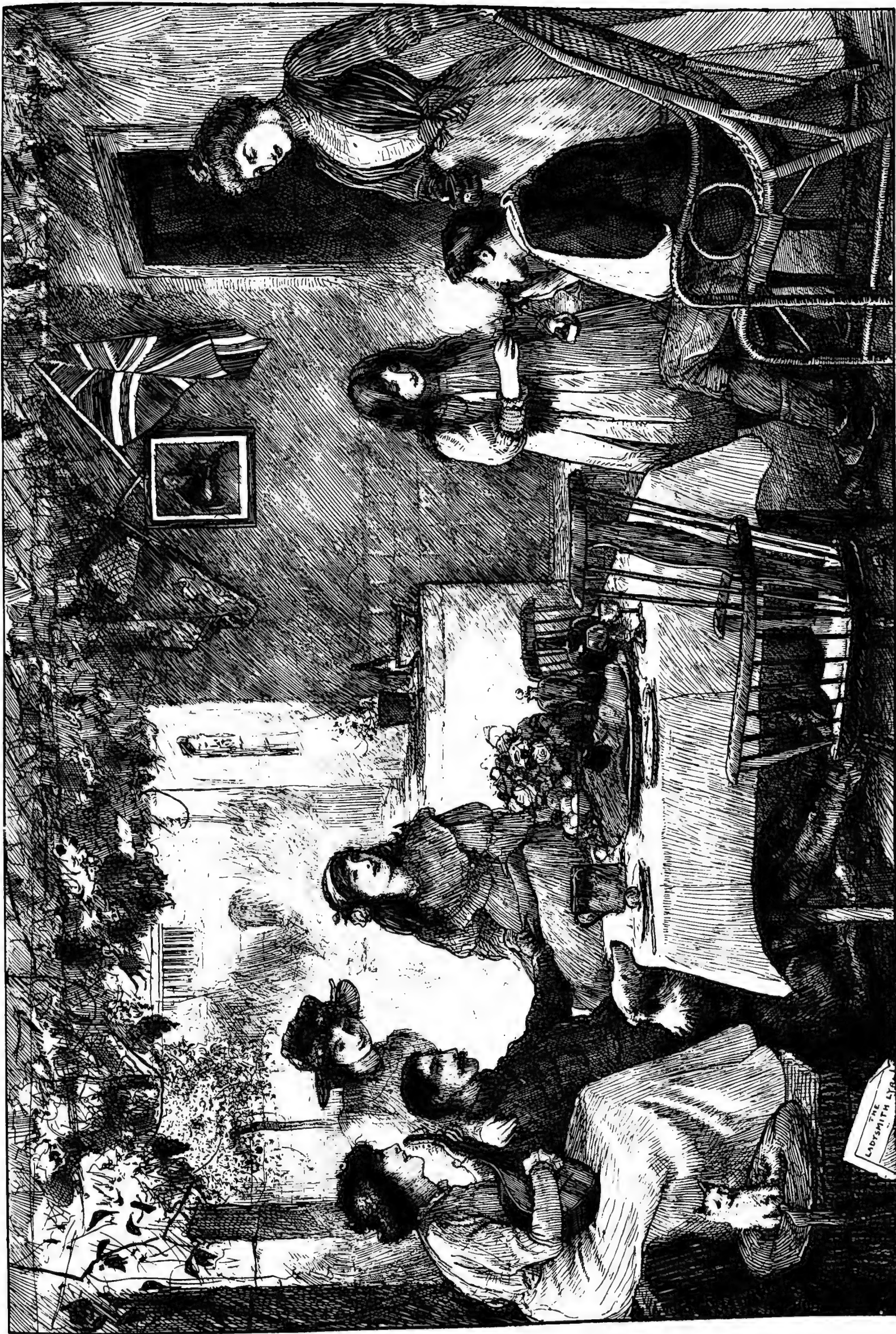
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAY ELLIS

Gillitts Station is about twenty-five miles from Durban on the Natal Railroad. The troops passing through the station always receive tea supplied gratis by friends. Over 20,000 men have been entertained

in this way at this station on their way to the front. The kindness thus shown to them is highly appreciated by the men

TEA FOR THE TOMMIES: COLONIAL HOSPITALITY TO TROOPS ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT



FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

them the fitter for service, although at first abundance of good food is apt to try digestive organs that have only been accustomed to poor fare, and none too much of that."

as heroes, and no one will grudge them the attention and admiration bestowed upon them after their many fights and after the hardships they had to endure. Nourishing diet, too, will make

SPILING CARBINEERS: A LITTLE LUXURY AFTER MONTHS OF HARDSHIP

DRAWN BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

A Correspondent writes:—"The Natal Carbineers and other Colonial troops, after the relief of Ladysmith, were allowed three weeks' leave of absence."



THE LATE LIEUTENANT T. B. ELY
Died at sea on his way home from the Cape



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. FAWCETT
Died of dysentery at Bloemfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN D. G. SEAGRIM
Died at Cape Town



THE LATE CAPTAIN LEONARD HEAD
Died of wounds received on the Zand River



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. B. E. CUMMINGS
Died of enteric at Deelfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. K. ELWORTHY
Killed on the Zand River



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. E. MARTIN
Died of pneumonia on the way to the Cape



THE LATE MAJOR H. S. LE M. GUILLE
Died of wounds received at Kimberley

VICTIMS OF THE WAR



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. K. ILLERSON

A Correspondent writes:—"After General Buller's force had recrossed the Tugela, and the bridge at Potgieter's Drift had been destroyed, it was discovered that some Boer entrenchments on the further bank had been left undisturbed. As it was feared that the Boers might occupy these during the night and

harass our retirement from Vaal Krantz, a section of D Company, Dorset Regiment, was sent across the drift to demolish them, which they successfully did. They crossed the drift attired in boots and rifles."

WITH GENERAL BULLER'S FORCE: AN ANCIENT UNIFORM REVIVED



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.L.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. MACKENZIE

Our illustration shows some officers of his force on the look-out on the kopjes. On the horizon is a little cloud of dust, and the question who is raising it, friend or foe, is what the officers are trying to answer

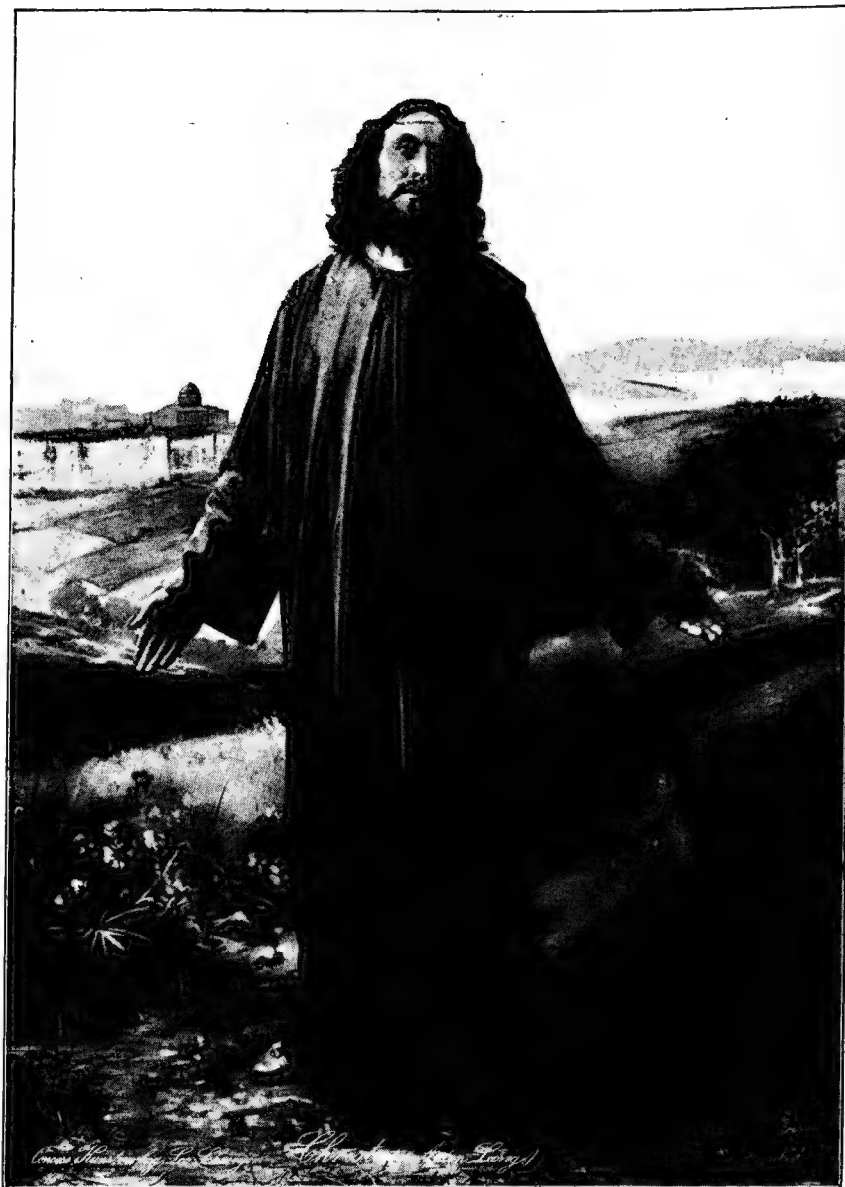
WITH COLONEL PLUMER'S FORCE ON THE ROAD TO MAFKING: A SUSPICIOUS CLOUD OF DUST

Crocodile Pools is on the Transvaal Border, to which Colonel Plumer retreated after being compelled to leave Lobatsi.

The Theatres

"THE FANTASTICKS"

The Fantasticks is the rather curious title of an adaptation of M. Edmond Rostand's *Les Romanesques*, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been appearing during the week at matinées at the ROYALTY Theatre. Why that superfluous "k"? Probably it was to indicate that there is something of old-world phantasy in the subject. M. Rostand's piece, which is one of his earlier efforts, for he is still a young man and it dates from six years ago, has, in fact, little in common with the every-day life of to day. It aims at a sort of idyllic simplicity, and suggests a story by Florian in a setting à la Watteau. The scene is a beautiful garden, or, rather, two beautiful gardens, for the centre of the stage is occupied by a red-brick wall, covered with flowers. On this wall sits a youth in the costume of the last century, who makes love to a young lady in one of the gardens below. It is Romeo and Juliet with their positions reversed. The youth reads with passionate ardour passages from Shakespeare's immortal love-story. He is, in fact, one of the fantasticks, and the lady is romantic too, and larks, as it were, in the sunshine of her lover's adoration. We glean something about their parents and their opposition to this love-making. Presently the two fathers make their appearance, and have high words with each other, but when the young people are out of sight, the old rogues suddenly become the best of friends. The quarrel is, it seems, nothing but a pretence. The two fathers are anxious to see the young couple married, but fear that their temperament will prevent their making a match in which there shall be no suspicion of a romantic escapade. In order to make things doubly sure, the fathers combine an attempted abduction of the young girl by a notorious duellist who is in their pay, and who will allow the young lover to gain an easy victory over him. And so it falls out. Just as the young lady is being carried in orthodox story-book fashion to a sedan chair by a wicked marquis, young Romeo puts the marquis and his myrmidons to flight, and the lovers tenderly embrace. So far the first act. The piece might very well have ended here, but the author has two more acts to fill up. These he employs in showing how the old cronies, the fathers, gradually tire of each other, causing the wall between the gardens, which they had demolished, to be built up again; and how the duellist, who can get no payment for his services now that the marriage is off, contrives to unite the young lovers again by disgusting them with romanticism. There is something pretty and fanciful about



ANTON LANG AS CHRISTUS

M. Rostand's piece, which, moreover, had the advantage of being written in fine sounding verse in the original. In the translation, which is by the lady who calls herself George Fleming, something of the charm of style has disappeared. The verses are halting and the rhymes at time defective. Still, as a

curiosity it was worth seeing, and an extremely fashionable audience received it at the ROYALTY with marked approval. The part of the male lover, played at the COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE by M. Le Bargy, was represented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who touched a true note of poetic feeling, and who made a pretty picture in a costume such as that which we are accustomed to see worn by the Charles Surfaces of the stage. The young lady had a sympathetic representative in Miss Winifred Fraser the humours of the plottings and bickerings of the two fathers were well portrayed by Mr. E. W. Garden and Mr. George Arliss, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier made of the bravo almost a meet companion for the redoubtable Cyrano de Bergerac himself.

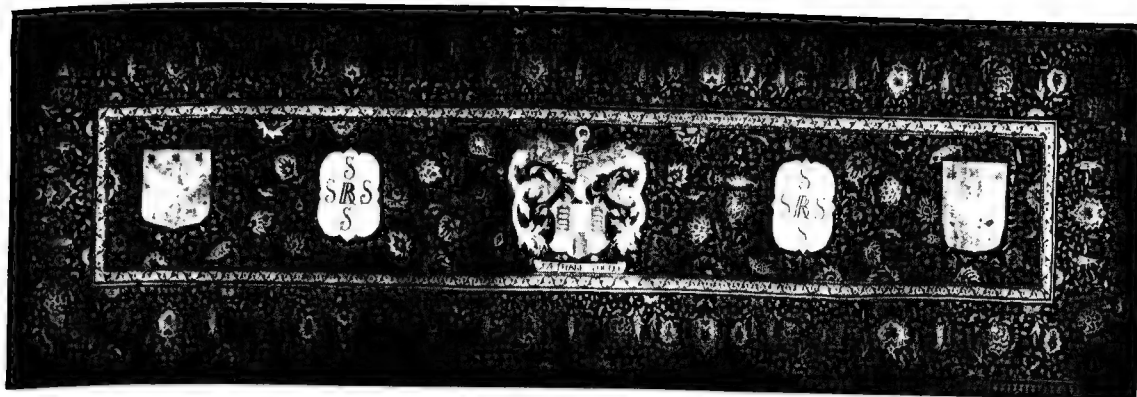
THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

THE Passion Play of Oberammergau was instituted in 1634, in accordance with a vow registered by the inhabitants when the plague, which was then ravaging Bavaria, was miraculously stopped in their village in answer to their prayers. At that time the representation of the Passion of Lord has been given every ten years with but an exception, and every decade more and more persons crowd to the little Bavarian mountain village, drawn thither alike by the love of religion, by religious sentiment, or simply by curiosity to see this survival of the mediæval miracle play.

Many of the principals are new this year. Josef Mayer, who was Christus three times, has had to give up the part owing to advancing age. His place is now taken by Anton Lang, a young unmarried man of twenty-five years, whose personal appearance is strikingly suited to the part. He is said to be fully Mayer's equal in acting. The Virgin Mary is personified this year by Anna Flunger, the daughter of the village postman, and Bertha Wolf, an innkeeper's daughter, takes the part of Mary Magdalen. Josef Mayer now recites the prologue with which each act opens. Six hundred and eighty-five persons take part in the performance, of whom fifty are women and two hundred children, but only one hundred and twenty-five have speaking parts. The play lasts eight hours, beginning in the morning at eight o'clock and ending about half-past five, with an interval of one and a half hours in the middle of the piece. The dress rehearsal took place on May 20, and the first regular performance on May 24. It will be repeated at intervals of once or twice a week until the end of September. This year access to Oberammergau has been greatly facilitated by the opening of an electric railway from Murnau which lands the traveller within a few paces of the theatre. Special trains for the play are run from Munich, the journey taking about three hours.



THE SCENE OF THE CRUCIFIXION
THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU
From Photographs by Leo Schweyer



THE WONDERFUL PERSIAN CARPET, PRESENTED IN 1634 TO THE GIRDLERS' COMPANY

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

IT was naturally expected that on the eve of the Whitsun Holidays, more especially the day opening a new week, there would, be small attendance at Westminster. Ministerial Whips were, indeed, much exercised to avoid the calamity of the number of their supporters falling under a hundred, in which case the Closure would be inapplicable. So far from anticipation being realised, a division taken early on the sitting of the Commons disclosed the presence of 269 members. They were, moreover, so eager for work, so loth to leave the scene of their labours, that they did not go home till morning. It turned out one of the latest sittings of the Session.

We grow accustomed to anything in the Commons. It was more surprising, looking in on the Lords, to find the Benches on both sides crowded. On the Cross Benches sat the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Connaught. Evidently the matter at issue had something to do either with rents or Church doctrine. They alone can fill the House of Lords. A glance at the Bishops' quarter, filled with fluttering white robes, indicated that the magnet of attraction rested in the latter quarter. This proved to be the case. Lord Strathcona moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the law as to marriage contracted in the Colonies with a Deceased Wife's Sister. As everyone knows, the self-governing Colonies are almost unanimous in legalising such marriages. This is all very well when the married couples stay at home. But if they visit the Mother Country, or, peradventure, take up their residence there, the marriage is not recognised by the law, and the children, if any, are regarded as illegitimate. Just now, when there is a rush of affectionate feeling between the Colonies and the Mother Country, the time seemed opportune for removing this grievous slur.

The advocates of the cause are fortunate in having the championship of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness does not depart from his established custom of not joining in debate in the Lords. But he is always present to vote on occasions like Monday. He has even been known to present petitions in favour of the movement. This advocacy more than counteracted the influence of the Lord Chancellor. That stern, unbending Tory Churchman made a strong speech against the Bill, finding himself in the respectable company of the Archbishop of York. This union availed nothing in the Division Lobby, where the second reading was carried by a thumping majority of 85 in a House of 147 members.

In the Commons Church matters were also to the fore. Mr. Sam Smith, turning his eyes aside from the iniquity of theatres, recurred to his earlier crusade against Ritualism.

He is one of the few Members who have it in their power to work Mr. Balfour up into a state of blazing wrath. To watch him plodding along, making in piping voice and with plaintive manner, the most atrocious accusations, is more than Mr. Balfour, trained in logic and argument, can stand. "The hon. member is," he cried aloud, in tones of genuine despair, "earnest and sincere in the course he advocates. But he is credulity itself. I have always tried to pin him to facts, and have always failed." The particular haunts of Ritualism, Mr. Smith on this occasion depicted, were supposed to be in Voluntary schools and training colleges. The system, he averred, affected 800,000 children of Nonconformists. Where are these schools? Mr. Balfour, with fine impatience of amiable inaccuracy,

demanded. If they existed it was Mr. Smith's duty to bring them directly under the notice of the Education Department, who would speedily see that the law was put in action. Mr. Smith described the ignoring of the Conscience Clause and the enforced attendance of children at services of Ritualistic tendency as common to Voluntary schools. Mr. Balfour did not believe that throughout the land there were six such schools, not even three. It was a fine tornado of scathing rage. It passed innocuous over Mr. Smith's placid figure as he sat preparing his bulky manuscript for an ungrateful and unappreciative Press.

After this members launched forth into miscellaneous subjects, from Irish regiments to the Dissolution, from the famine in India to the grievances of seamen. The real business of the sitting was the report stage of the Railway Accidents Bill, which had come down from the Grand Committee. In order to make quit sure of no miscarriage, Mr. Balfour moved the suspension of the Twelve o'Clock Rule. That the precaution was not necessary was proved by the fact that Mr. Ritchie's Bill was not done with till a quarter to three in the morning.

A Remarkable Carpet

THIS unique Persian carpet was presented in 1634 to the Worshipful Company of Girdlers by the Master, Mr. Robert Bell, one of the first directors of the East India Company. Robert Bell was born in 1564, and was a man of great wealth. In April, 1634, the then Master of the Girdlers' Company dying in office, he was elected Master for the residue of the year, and at the expiry of his term of office appears the following minute, August 12, 1634:—"Also, at this Court, Mr. Robert Bell did present a very faire long Turkey Carpitt, with the Company's Arms thereon, which he freely gave to the use of this Company as a remembrance of his love." The carpet, which appears from the minute books of the East India Company to have been made at the Royal Factory of Lahore, established by Akbar the Great, is of Persian design of the so-called Gerous type, is about eight yards long and two and a half yards broad. It contains the Company's Arms, namely, St. Lawrence on the Gridiron, holding a Bible in his right hand and a gridiron in his left; underneath is a scroll, with the Girdlers' motto, "Give thanks to God," whilst, flanked right and left, Mr. Bell's Arms are wrought, and introduced in between these and the Company's Arms are two bales of merchandise, stamped with Mr. Bell's initials and trade marks. The carpet luckily escaped the Great Fire, when the Hall was burnt down, but for many years past it lay on one of the Company's tables, where no one suspected its worth, until it occurred to the members of the Court that its history should be inquired into. The matter was referred to a committee for inquiry and research, and they, fortunately, received great assistance from Mrs. Bateman, the wife of Mr. A. E. Bateman, C.M.G., a Past Master, who recognised the Arms on the carpet as identical with those displayed at Eagle House, Wimbledon, Robert Bell's old house. The Court then asked the advice of Mr. St. John Hope, M.A., of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., of the South Kensington Museum. Finally, the matter was left in the hands of Mr. Purdon Clarke, who had the carpet removed to the South Kensington Museum. There the ink spots were removed, the rents repaired by the Decorative Needlework Society, and the carpet was returned to the Hall and subsequently framed in a large oak frame.

The Eclipse of the Sun

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

THOUGH the scientific value of the observations made during a total eclipse of the sun cannot be properly estimated until several months after the event, the reports of astronomers who were in the track of Monday's eclipse are most satisfactory. From an astronomical point of view, a partial eclipse, such as was observed in England, is of little importance, and it is only at places where the sun's disc is totally covered by the moon that the solar corona and the fiery-red envelope surrounding the luminous surface become visible.

The duration of total eclipse did not exceed two minutes at any place on Monday; consequently there was not complete darkness, for it is only when totality lasts five or six minutes that lights are necessary. The sky was, however, sufficiently dark for the planets Mercury and Venus to be seen, and a few bright stars. Every second of the brief interval of total eclipse appears to have been utilised. Numerous photographs were taken of the solar corona, and its light was examined both visually and photographically with the object of obtaining further information concerning its nature. The fact that the corona had the same fishtail shape as the coronas photographed during total eclipses of 1878 and 1889 is very important, because it serves to establish a connection between this apperage and the periodic pulsations of solar activity.

There can no longer be any doubt that the corona undergoes changes of character in unison with the eleven-year period in which sun-spots wax and wane in number and extent. When spots on the sun are least numerous, as they were in 1878 and 1889, and are this

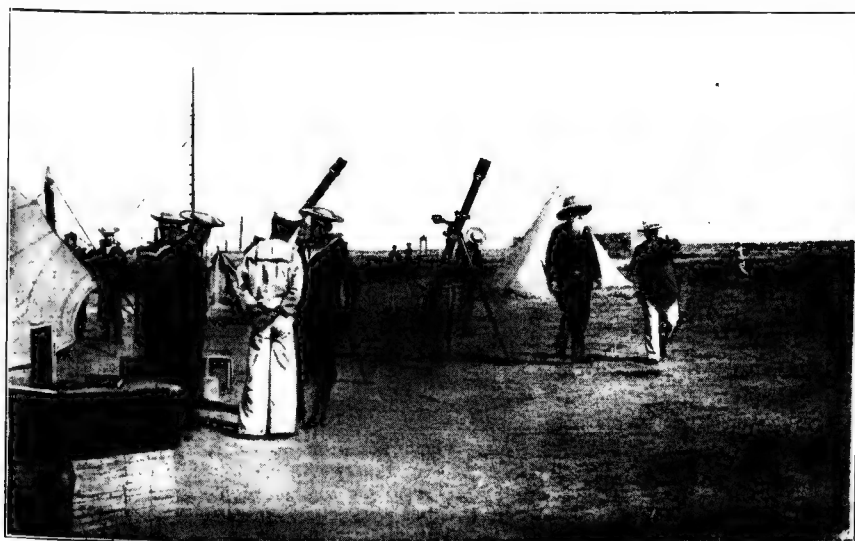


THE ECLIPSE AS SEEN IN LONDON
From a Photograph by Harry R. Hill, Wandsworth

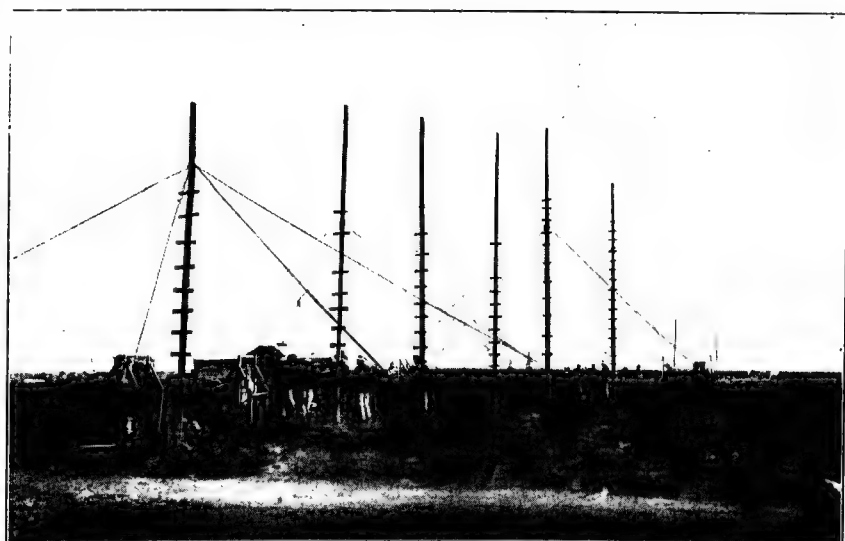
year, the corona has a symmetrical form, and long, luminous rays are distinctly seen bending round from the poles in beautiful curves towards extensive wings of pearly sheen north and south of the sun's equator. One of these wings was observed on Monday to extend to a distance of about two million miles on one side of the sun, and doubtless both it and the companion wings have imprinted their forms upon the numerous photographic plates. In years when sun-spots are most numerous, as, for instance, in 1898, the corona has quite a different structure, and appears as an irregular halo of luminosity.

The corona is sometimes spoken of as an atmosphere of the sun, but this word conveys a slightly wrong impression. Our own atmosphere is so much compressed in the lower levels that, though it extends to a height of a hundred miles or so, half of the whole mass is left behind at a height of three and a half miles above sea level. Upon the sun the compression of an atmosphere would be many times greater, and the fact that the corona is almost as filmy in texture near the luminous surface as it is millions of miles away shows that it does not bear the same relation to the sun as our aerial envelope does to the earth.

The observations made on Monday will throw a little more light upon the nature of the material of which the corona consists. The chief constituent is a gas which so far has not been discovered upon the earth, but the new knowledge will, it is hoped, be of assistance in the search for it. When the whole of the observations of the eclipse come to be discussed they will be found to form a worthy conclusion to a century rich in astronomical discoveries.



Sir Norman Lockyer is here shown conducting Professor Copeland of Edinburgh round the Camp, and showing him the various instruments. The Camp and instruments were erected by the officers and men of H.M.S. Theseus, under the direction of Sir Norman Lockyer, Dr. W. J. Lockyer, and Mr. Fowler. Our illustrations are from photographs by John Martin, Surgeon R.N.



These poles, with discs attached, are so arranged as to cover the moon and the bright part of the corona during the eclipse, and to allow the long streamers to be observed. A man was stationed at each instrument to describe what he saw during totality, while another man wrote down the description, and a third drew the corona as it appeared to the naked eye.

TO OBSERVE THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN: THE INSTRUMENTS AND OPERATORS AT THE CAMP AT SANTA POLA, ALICANTE, SPAIN

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

PATRIOTIC excitement and love for our revered Queen filled the hearts and the time of everyone last week. For a couple of days all business was demoralised. In the drapers' shops, the girls serving ran to the door at the sound of cheers, and were not even checked for their laxness by the manager. Ladies left their uncompleted purchases and joined the eager throng. At the theatres and music-halls well-dressed men and women shouted and waved flags. From the windows of perfectly appointed broughams and smart victorias children paraded banners while their pretty mothers approvingly looked on. Rank and position were forgotten, the fine people of society became, for the nonce, mere men and women. Every street boy somehow managed to provide himself with a flag, or a bunch of ribbons. A friend of mine gladdened the hearts of a couple of boys, gazing anxiously in at a shop window, with two fourpenny flags, and sent them forth rejoicing and singing at the top of their voices. It was eightpence well spent, and probably gave more happiness than many a more costly and magnificent gift.

A shrewd and intelligent observer at Cape Town writes anent the universal and much-praised khaki that its invisibility seems somewhat exaggerated. The Boers, he says, have crept up to within a hundred yards of some of our men, and yet we could never see where the shots came from. Our dress was khaki, but the enemy wear corduroy or tweed trousers, black coats, billycock hats, checked shirts, and, most wonderful of all, red kerchiefs round their necks. The Boers use gay-striped railway rugs to sleep in, while we are condemned to khaki blankets and sleeping rugs! What will the Scotch gillies make of the business, he wonders, they who can see a stag's ear move in a clump of bracken on a distant hill?

The same observer writes that the number of lords and ladies at the hotel at Cape Town fairly took his breath away. It was like a society party—ladies in the daintiest of Parisian toilettes sitting about in the hall and worshipping at the shrine of the military. "The Grande Duchesse's" song rose to his mind. The soldiers had it all their own way and the civilians were not in it. Earnest attention to a man's speech is one of the noblest flatteries a woman can offer, and she has offered it generously.

Her Majesty, who has always displayed a partiality for Irish poplin, bought some lovely specimens of it during her stay in Ireland. There is a suppleness and disinclination to crease about poplin which renders it as serviceable as it is pretty. For tea-gowns, for coats and skirts, for Court trains it is very adaptable, and the improvement of late years in design and pattern has made it remarkably becoming. Some of the stuffs chosen by the Queen were of gold brocade on a white silk ground, of silver brocade on old rose pink, of black, simple and rich, heliotrope, and white spotted with shamrocks.

The dresses worn by the principal actress in the Japanese plays were as magnificent as they were artistic. Long and narrow and curling round the feet as we see represented in native pictures of beauties, they seemed as ill-suited as possible for dancing, especially when one dress was worn over another and scarves of different colour were thrown carelessly on with that subtle eye to effect which distinguishes Japanese art, yet the lady proved a perfect picture of grace and prettiness, wheeling, moving, and posturing with ease and elegance and a poetry of expression which made her dancing delicious and fascinating. As one gazed at the little figure, resembling some dainty piece of porcelain, now in a gold-studded green robe, now in rich pink brocade, now in vivid scarlet, carrying fans of scarlet, and looking like some wonderful red flower, one realised the charm which is said to surround the Japanese woman. She was so sweet, so gracious, and, later on, in her rage and jealousy, with her black hair flying about her face, so wild and terrible. One thing is remarkable in all the acting—the flexibility and expressiveness of the hands of all the performers, a quality too much neglected by English artists, for the hands betray the psychology of their owner more than any other feature. The hand of the miser, the coquette, the glutton, the athlete and the worker are as distinct traits in their character as their gait, their eyes, or their mouth. All great actors have expressive hands.

One of the prettiest young girl's ball dresses I have seen is worn by Miss Ostlere in the play at the Comedy. It is of softest kilted white chiffon falling over an underskirt edged with silver embroidery, beneath it nestles a tiny garland of pink roses outlining the hem. A wonderful freshness and simplicity lay about this garment, which was truly pretty and bewitching. Miss Janette Steer's costumes are beautiful also. A pale pink brocade with insertions of gold passementerie, a white crêpe de Chine embroidered with black and silver, and a white chiffon tea-gown completed a delightful trio. The new elbow sleeves, with under-sleeves of chiffon, I specially remarked. Miss Annie Hughes looked like some pretty tropical bird in her foulard edged and touched up with ruches of scarlet, her hat with scarlet roses, and the most fascinating of scarlet chiffon parasols. She was just the little, frivolous, irresponsible creature



COSTUME FOR BAZAAR

In pale blue crêpe with tiny tucks and cream lace. Diamond-shaped motifs of panne and lace. Black satin cravat. Hat of pale blue tucked taffetas, blue tulle, and soft sequined quill.

that makes a man go mad for love and forgive the most glaring of inconsistencies in the woman he loves.

The National Bazaar turned out as complete a success as could possibly be anticipated. The Princess of Wales gave her charming presence, the flower market was a dream of beauty, the Emperor of Germany contributed to Lady Marshall's stall a gift of lovely Dresden china in the shape of a centrepiece with four figures holding fruit dishes, a pair of candelabra, a clock, vases, etc., also a portfolio of engravings of three pictures painted by His Majesty, and some signed photographs of himself. The Princess of Wales worked with her own hands two scarlet bed jackets and a quilt for a child's cot. All the stalls were supplied with every variety of costly or useful article, while the refreshment stall was in much request, the sweets forming a feature of the show. Beautiful toilettes were worn, and the white and black costumes of the sellers looked distinguished in the midst of the wealth of colour.



SPRING DRESS

Of pastel pink chevrot. Sash of pink taffetas, and vest of tucked cream silk. Black velvet bow at neck.

Exhibition Gittings

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE World's Fair of 1900 is at last ready to receive visitors. It is now possible to traverse the Exhibition without hearing on all sides the sound of saws and hammers, or having to make one's way over heaps of sand or plaster and among a network of scaffolding. In fact, at the end of May the Exhibition is at last in the condition it should have been in in the middle of April. One thing only is wanting, and that is motive power to drive the machinery of the exhibition. This was promised for the first of June, and M. Millerand is now able to paraphrase the famous phrase of M. Lebeuf, "L'Exposition est prête, archi-prête, il ne reste plus qu'à clouer à poser," and this time state the truth.

For the past fortnight not a day passed without some section, palace, or pavilion, being inaugurated, and as often as not there were three or four in an afternoon. All the pavilions in the Rue des Nations have been inaugurated, Great Britain only escaping the "dish of eminence" of being the last by the dilatoriness of Mexico, which brought up the rear. The *coup d'aile* of this famous Street of Nations is a truly marvellous one, and regret is universally expressed that such a wonderfully beautiful group of buildings should be destined to disappear in a few short months.

The opinions differ greatly as to the relative merits of various buildings, with the single exception of Italy, which is unanimously admitted to be the *clou* of the whole wonderful street. This is one of the most popular parts of the whole Exhibition, and crowds of people keep pouring in and out of the various pavilions all day long.

Trees, grass, shrubs, and flowers have been springing up everywhere for the last week, and now the aspect of the Champ de Mars, the Esplanade des Invalides, and the Trocadero is beautiful in the extreme.

The moving sidewalk and the electric railway are black with people all day long. The latter, which was successfully inaugurated a week ago, runs alongside the moving sidewalk, but moves in the contrary direction. As it runs at a high rate of speed, and only costs the half of the moving platform, it is extensively used by persons who want to get from one point to another without loss of time. The carriages are comfortable, and the stations numerous.

In spite of the fact that places of public refreshment seem simply endless, they were tested to their fullest extent on Sunday. When the dinner-hour came the restaurants, particularly the more moderate-priced ones, were taken by assault, and long lines of hungry visitors formed a *queue* outside the doors waiting for an empty table. Outside in the grounds thousands of families were indulging in *al fresco* meals. They dragged their chairs into a circle, and put another in the centre to act as a table.

The *fêtes de nuit* are a most brilliant success. At eight o'clock a line of flame begins to run up the Eiffel Tower, and an instant later the whole of the immense tower is outlined by thousands of incandescent lamps, while the powerful searchlight begins to slowly revolve, sending its rays all over the city and environs.

At the same instant the Château d'Eau springs into light, and the water begins to stream and spout from the various basins and fountains. Long lines of gas jets run along the façades of the magnificent palaces flanking either side of the Champ de Mars, while across the river the magnificent sweep of the Trocadero is outlined by thousands of coloured lamps. Down the river the immense electric lamps of the Alexander III. Bridge are lit up, making the whole river front, with the Rue des Nations on one side and the monumental conservatories of the horticultural section on the other, seem as light as day.

Between the Trocadero and the Alexander III. Bridge the sight is marvellously beautiful. All the windows and streets of "Paris" are aglow with light, while the Rue de Paris, with its booths, theatres and cafés, is ablaze from end to end.

One thing only is wanting to complete the marvellous picture, and that is the illumination of the Palace of Electricity, which towers above the Château d'Eau. This, with its hundreds of thousands of coloured lights, is to be the *clou* of the Exhibition. The fire of some days ago, which destroyed a switch-board on which were 2,400 electric wires, has caused a delay of a couple of weeks in its inauguration. But, even without this, the scene is a dazzlingly brilliant one, and excites the enthusiasm of the public.

If any proof were wanted that the Exhibition is now in full swing it would be given by the threatened strike of the Paris cabmen. This invariably takes place as soon as an Exhibition has been successfully launched on its career. The Paris cabman only inspires a mediocre sympathy among the population of the city. He is a bad driver, ill-treats his horse, and is dictatorial in his manner *vis-à-vis* his customers. During times of stress like an Exhibition year he laughs police regulations to scorn and holds public to ransom. And, however, he is unfortunately indispensable in a city where the omnibus and tramway services are so lamentably deficient, the public has to put up with his caprices with what philosophy it may.

It really seems as if we are going to have Royal visitors to the Exhibition, though nothing has transpired as to who they are to be. This is made clear by the fact that yet another palace has been leased by the French Government, and the recent visit of inspection made by the President of the Republic to the mansion for Royal visitors, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. M. Loubet wished to assure himself that everything is in order and ready for the reception of France's guests.

Of course, the Exhibition has been visited unofficially by a large number of Princes and Grand Dukes. That, however, is not what the Parisians desire. They desire the official recognition of Princes and crowned heads, and want to see their Royal guests driving through the streets in gala carriages with an escort of cuirassiers clattering alongside. This desire is evidently going to be gratified.

DEATH.

PARKER—On May 12, at 20, Marlborough N.W., in her fifty-first year, Delia Jane, daughter of the late Charles William of Baldwins, Kent, and Leah Fortrie, his wife, died at Dartford. Buried at Dartford on October 17, 1871, at Dartford. Married on October 17, 1871, at Dartford. Cremated at Woking. Australian papers.

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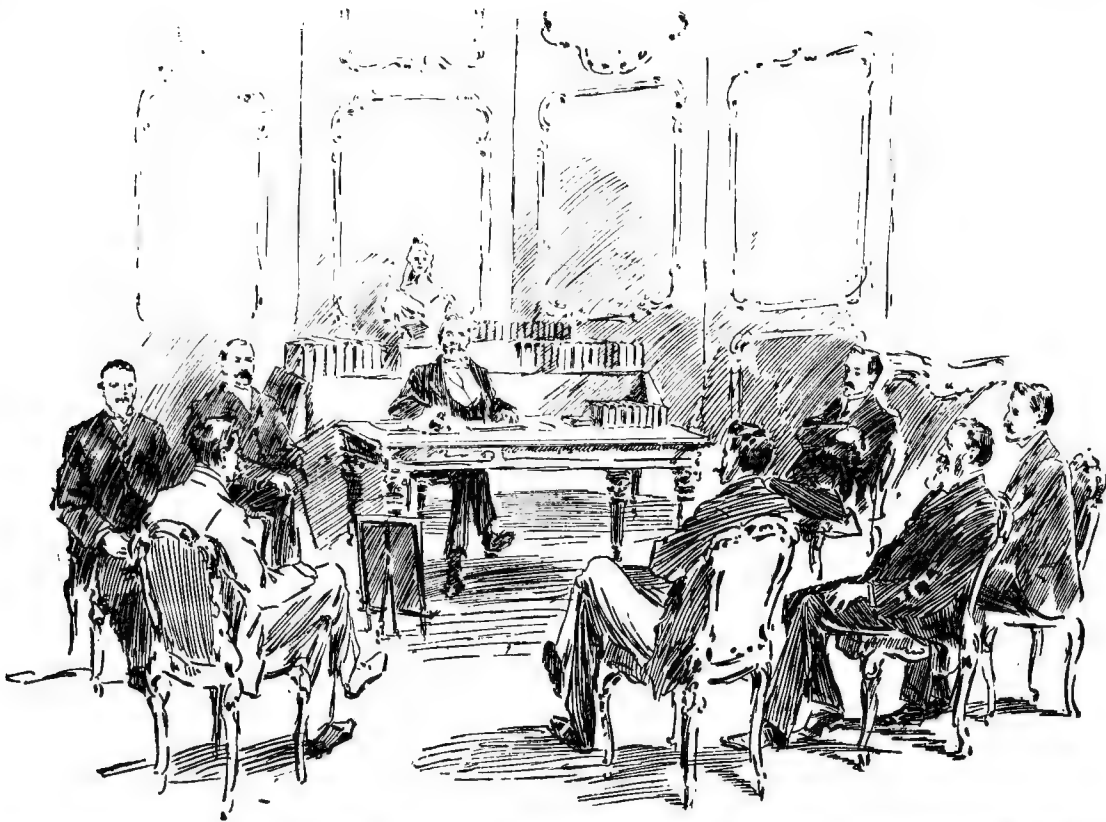
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ST. MORITZ



A deputation, representing the workmen and inhabitants of the works and village of Port Sunlight, a community of over 2,800 people, was received by President Loubet on the occasion of the visit to the Paris Exhibition of some 2,000 of Messrs. Lever Brothers' employees, who had been brought over for the day at a cost of 7,000*l.* The deputation was announced as "L. Deputation de Port Sunlight," and the President came forward and shook hands with every member, after which the address was inspected by and read to President Loubet, who, in the course of his reply, expressed his pleasure in greeting the deputation, and his regret that their visit must be so short. It was through such peaceful manifestations as this that different nations come into close and friendly contact with each other, he said, adding, "If anybody should tell you of any clouds hanging overhead, please do not believe it, for there are no clouds of any sort except in the imagination of some people, but even if there were any clouds let me assure you that behind these clouds there is no storm, but the bright shining sun."

PRESIDENT LOUBET RECEIVING THE DEPUTATION FROM MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED

A Portrait of Paul Kruger

THE *Fortnightly* has this month a very interesting article by Mr. F. E. Garrett on the personality and character of Paul Kruger, with whom the writer has come in personal contact on various occasions:—

Peasant, millionaire, rebel, autocrat, lay-preacher, filibuster, visionary and statesman, Paul Kruger is easily the most interesting figure of a President now living. Some have gone back from the generation of McKinley and Loubet to compare him with the great dead, and have likened Oom Paul to Old Abe. That is very superficial. In so far as the issues of Secession and slavery have touched South Africa—and they are both there—Kruger figures not on Lincoln's side but on the other. He is an arch "Secesher," and the farthest possible from an Abolitionist. He has the piety and the humour,

though both grimmer and less sunny than Lincoln's; he has the shrewdness, only shading rather into cunning; he has the earnestness of character, the sense of a call, the unquailing fortitude, past all cavi; but alas! he has not the moral fastidiousness, the rigorously clean hands, the unbreathed-on name of Abraham Lincoln.

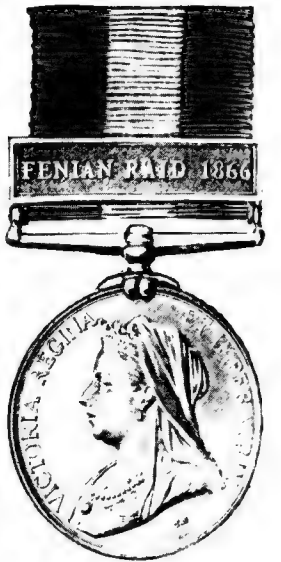
He points out how by an irony of fate the characters in which history first shows the future President are those of an "Uitlander," a reformer, and a raid-maker. His family was not among the earliest arrivals in the Transvaal, and those who came in first and managed affairs through a Volksraad, held at Lydenburg, were not disposed to share power or authority with later arrivals. In those early days of the Transvaal's life there were practically three Republican establishments, each with its own President and officers, and each freely proclaiming the other "rebel."

Presently the faction of Marthinus Pretorius, whose right-hand officer was Commandant Paul Kruger, now a man of thirty, attempted a bold stroke. This was nothing short of annexing the Free State. The Free State Government declined the proposed "union." Thereupon Pretorius, with a strong command, made an armed raid across the Vaal, and prepared to march on Bloemfontein. President Boshoff called out his burghers, and marched to repel the raiders. He encountered them at a stream called the Rhenoster; and at this Rubicon, destined never to be crossed, the two forces sat down on opposite banks, and for three hours thought things over. Meanwhile one Schoeman, commandant of one of the districts in the Transvaal, impartially proclaimed "rebels" by the arch-rebel Pretorius, tried to organise a joint attack on Pretorius in the rear. The game was up. From the ranks of the raiders issued a stalwart, grave young man bearing a white flag, and crossed the river to parley. It was Paul Kruger. And after peace was made, it was Kruger again who did much to secure amnesty for such Free Staters as Pretorius had induced to join him—the Johannesburgers of his Jameson Raid, so to speak.

Again, remembering Mr. Kruger's fines on the luckless Johannesburgers, it is noteworthy that the sentences for "treason," one of them a capital sentence, were reduced at Mr. Kruger's pleadings to petty fines; he realised then that great truth, so unpalatable in his old age, that sedition is sometimes the duty of a good citizen! Mr. Garrett, at the conclusion of his article, sketches vividly the vision which Kruger, the visionary, has cherished—a soil of oligarchic theocracy. It is almost pathetic reading in the light of recent events, when the old man is within measurable distance of being an outcast in the land wherein he has dreamed dreams.

A Canadian Medal

EARLY in 1899 Her Majesty approved of a medal being granted to all officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Regular and Colonial Forces engaged in repelling the "Fenian Raids" in 1866 on the Canadian frontier, and in 1870 in the Red River Expedition. This medal has only recently been issued to all survivors who performed active service in the field, or served as guards at any point where an attack from the enemy was expected, or who were detailed for any special service. Claps inscribed "Fenian Raid, 1866," "Fenian Raid, 1870," and "Red River, 1870," have been issued with the medal. In connection with the long delay which has arisen in the issue of this medal it may be mentioned that the Military General Service medal, commemorating twenty-eight distinct battles during the wars from 1801 to 1814, was not issued till 1848; and a corresponding medal for the Navy, for services between 1793 to 1840, for which 231 different bars were issued, was not granted till 1847. Both medals bear Her Majesty's portrait, and the military medal has two representations of Her Majesty. The medal is the work of E. and E. Emanuel, The Hard, Portsea.



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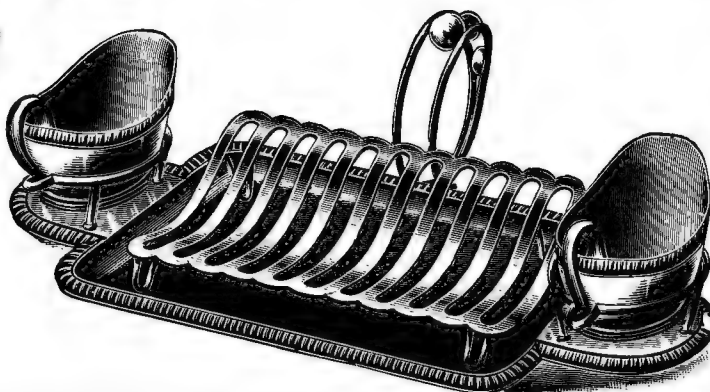
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Sterling Silver Chased Sugar or Flower Bowl, interior richly gilt. 5 inches diameter, £3 10 0



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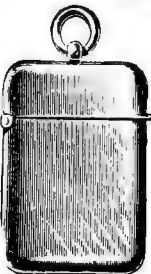
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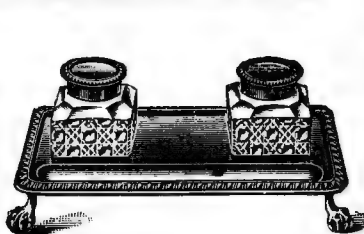


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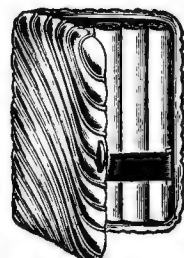
10 per cent. of proceeds from Sales of these Souvenirs are being devoted to the Mansion House War Fund.



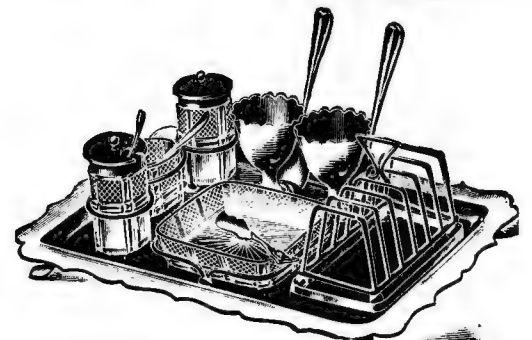
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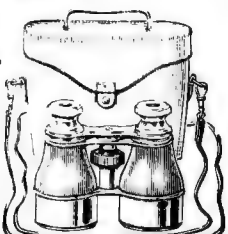


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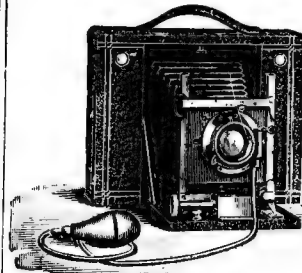
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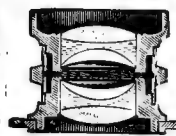
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These destructive insects, a swarm of which is the dread of the farmer in South Africa, for they leave "a desolate wilderness" behind. They are eaten in many countries, roasted or fried in butter, and in Mafeking they have been eaten curried as a pleasant change from horse sausages. The locust is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length.

LOCUSTS ON THE BANKS OF THE MODDER RIVER

New Novels

"ARDEN MASSITER"

AMONG all the novels dealing with present-day Italy, Dr. William Barry's "Arden Massiter" (T. Fisher Unwin) is by far and away the most powerful. Apart from its vivid picturesqueness, which never lapses into mere word-painting, and its dramatic portrayal of exceedingly various passions that never ceases for a moment to be virile and sane, the work gains curiously in effect from the absence of any clue to the author's own opinions upon subjects of which it seems scarcely possible to write without having formed very strong opinions indeed. The reader is led, by an evidently exceptionally well-qualified guide, among the dark, underground labyrinths of the old Camorra in its new forms, into still remoter regions where the traditions of feudalism have survived its power, and everywhere through that conflict of ancient and modern ideas, of vehement progressiveness and half-converted paganism, and of all manner of racial hostilities and bewildering historic evolutions that have made Italy as she is, the enigma of Europe, and Rome the enigma of Italy. There is no other country of which a single story could comprise the Medieval baron, the British tourist, the Horatian witch, the up-to-date journalist, the Evil Eye, the newest Paris fashions, and the savage

slavery of regions where the only fashions to be met with are starvation and fever—and all this, and much more, without anachronism, or beyond the reach of an easy railway journey from home. Yet, as we have said, Dr. Barry draws no conclusions, and suggests no remedy. He has been content to use his landscape solely as the background of an intensely interesting story, which we only hesitate to dignify with the title of romance because it grows so inevitably out of circumstances which betray no symptom of over-colour. That lights and shades are heightened or deepened is likely enough, but it is impossible to tell where.

"A WOMAN OF SAMARIA"

"Rita," in "A Woman of Samaria" (Hutchinson and Co.), treats her admirers generously. A Scotch marriage, a murder, a bigamy, a ghost, a comic opera—these are but a few items in a plot which would have sufficed for three ordinary novels at least, without being beaten excessively thin. The characters also are not a whit behind their story in strength of colour; while enough of their action is laid in Cornwall—where the laws of probability are not supposed to run—to exempt them from criticism on that score. Nor is there any symptom of falling off in the strength of the authoresses's views on the essentially masculine gender of villainy. Indeed, a scheme for bringing up an unborn little girl to become the avengeress of her sex's wrongs is only frustrated by the actual

birth, not of a little girl, but of a little boy—surely as clear a case ever was known of the precocious treachery of Man. For matter, there is no falling off in any respect from "Rita," established title to popular favour.

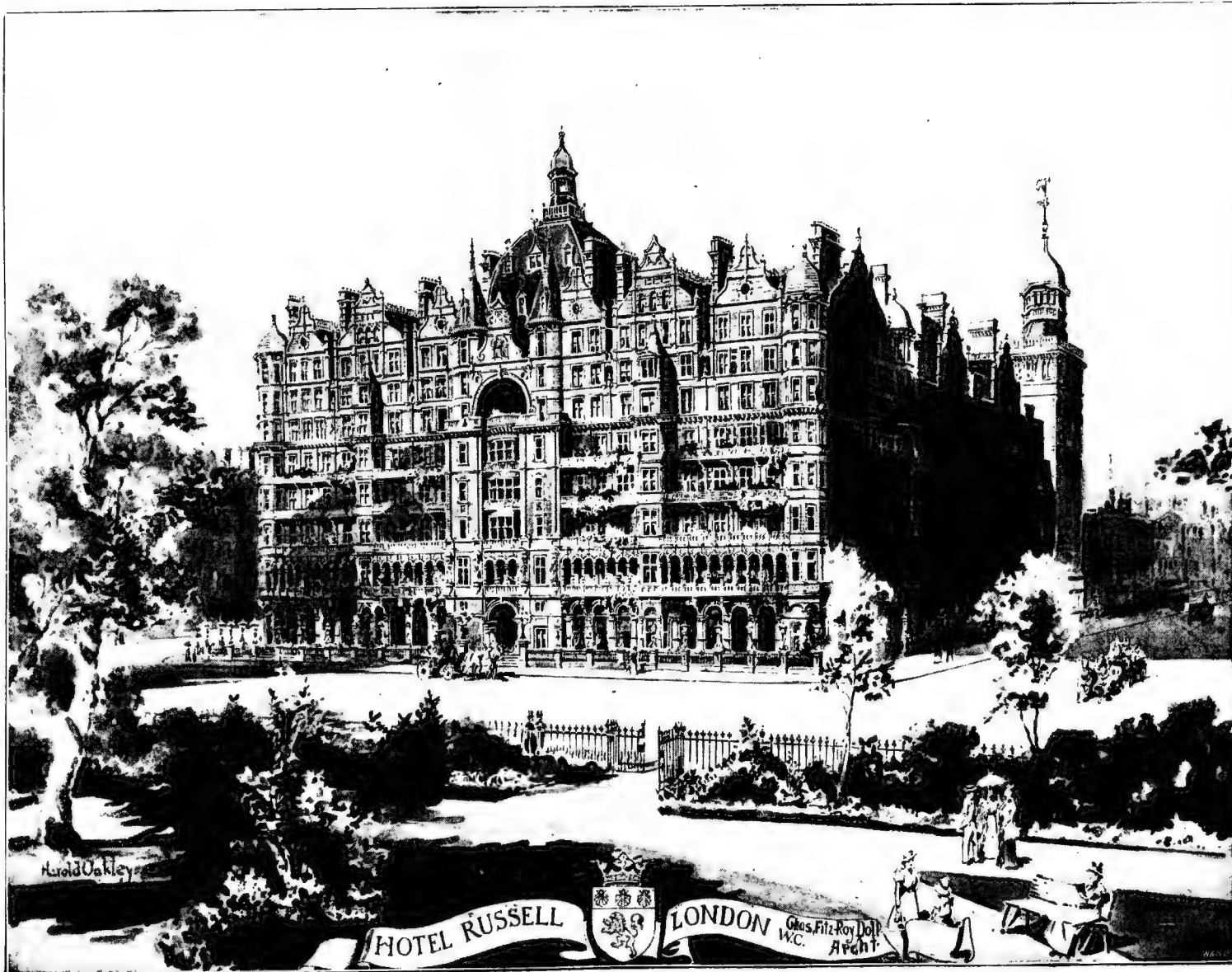
"SCRUPLES"

Mr. Thomas Cobb's volume of talk (Grant Richards) reads naturally enough: it is very much as ordinary people would talk if they were more particular than ordinary people are to put complete sentences into good grammar. It is also natural that their "scruples" should be more interesting to themselves than to the world at large. Wray Waterhouse, on the death of his wife, thought himself bound in honour to propose to Pauline Cathcart, who had given herself away by fainting when she learned that he was a married man. Meanwhile, however, he has really lost his heart to Joan Venables. Pauline, for her part, thinks herself bound in honour and duty to accept Wray, to save him from an imaginary despair, while her heart has gone into the possession of Sir Gilbert Strachan. A happy reassortment was as simple and natural as their conversation, and takes place accordingly, with the additional happiness of another amiable couple thrown in. Never for a moment does the reader feel anxious; much less unable to lay the volume down. But it is quickly read; and though the characters are in one respect unlike-like—they are never dull.

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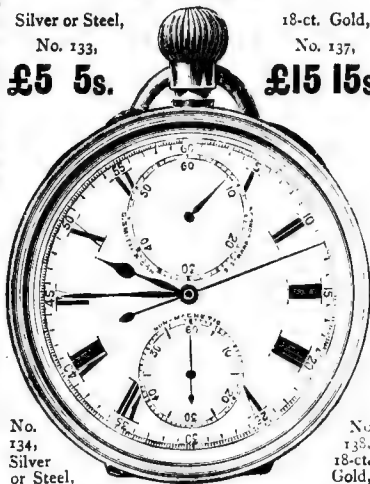
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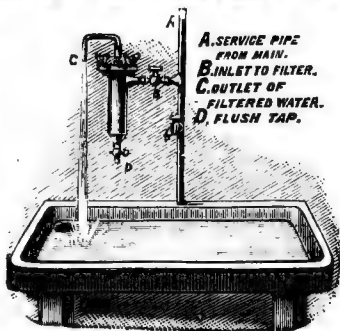
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Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THERE are stirring times gathering immediately ahead. Among the inevitable events of the near future will be:—The capture of Pretoria and the flight of the Presidents; the public rejoicings throughout the Empire to celebrate the event; the annexation of the conquered States; the bestowal of titles on the successful generals; the dissolution of Parliament; the appointment of a Military Governor to administer the new provinces; the General Election; the final retirement of several eminent statesmen and politicians; the appointment of a new Premier and the formation of a new Government; the bestowal of titles, distinctions and promotions in connection with the campaign; and the triumphal entry of Lord Roberts and a portion of the troops into London.

It is understood that, should fortune not interfere with the plans which have been formed, Lord Kitchener will be appointed Military Governor of the new Province. A better man could not be suggested. Lord Kitchener always has his heart in his work, cannot be influenced by outside considerations, is no respecter of persons, is a magnificent organiser, and possesses an especially strong character.

Those whose information is sufficiently good to enable them to form an intelligent opinion on the subject are convinced that irregular hostilities will not cease before October or November next. Lord Kitchener will be left in South Africa to deal with that phase of the campaign, and under his command will be those troops which have least suffered and those which have come least into contact with the enemy. Lord Roberts and the rest of the Army will return home almost immediately after the main objects of the campaign have been attained. The Government is naturally anxious not to add unnecessarily to the cost of the war; and, besides, it would be favourable to the Tory cause were the return of the victorious general and his victorious troops to coincide with the period of the elections.

Those who affect to believe that there is "no good after forty" must be pained, for Lord Roberts is seventy odd years of age, and yet his mind and body both work as easily as they would were he under the magic age. The Queen will promote Lord Roberts to an earldom at the close of the war; Parliament will vote a sub-

stantial sum in acknowledgment, and a public fund will be opened for the purpose of erecting a monument in London to commemorate his successful campaign. Should Lord Kitchener be appointed Military Governor of the conquered Provinces, Lord Roberts is to be entrusted with the task of reforming the War Office and the British Army.



The Humming Bird Hawk Moth (*Macroglossa Stellatarum*) is common in Europe, North Africa and Northern and Western Asia. The way in which it poises itself before a flower while probing it with its proboscis is precisely like the same action in a humming bird. Our illustration, which is from a sketch from nature, shows the moth at the flowers of the lesser birdweed. The body of the moth is dark grey, light below, with black and white on the sides, the fore wings dark greyish brown, with black transverse lines, and the hind wings are rusty yellow, with base blackish and the hind margin dark brown. Several early appearances of this species have been notified around London lately. In our illustration the moth is about two-thirds of its natural size.

AN EARLY VISITOR: THE HUMMING BIRD HAWK MOTH

As regards that particular, the appointment of Lord Roberts be much more popular in the Army and in "Society" than it has been that of Lord Kitchener. The latter General is strong in his methods to be generally popular. His reign at the War Office would inevitably occasion widespread discord in its quarters, and no Government of modern times is so unselfish to face the opposition which would be aroused, and compelled to do so by greater pressure from other quarters.

Many were surprised that no distribution of honours in connection with the war occurred in the Birthday list which was published last week. A certain number of honours are to be conferred on the capture of Pretoria, and a full list of rewards will be published at a later date, probably on the day when Lord Roberts makes his entry into London. Besides Lord Roberts, who, as has been said, will receive an earldom, Lord Kitchener will be promoted to viscount, Generals Baden-Powell, French, Kekewich and Buller will, through one method or another, have a "Sir" affixed to their names, and Sir George White and Lord Dundonald will be promoted to peerage. Of course, Sir Alfred Milner will be promoted to peerage.

It is understood that especial attention is to be paid on the subject of honours to the Volunteer, Militia, and Yeomanry forces, and that a signal honour will be conferred on the City of London and on the regiments which have come to the assistance of the Mother Country from the Colonies. As regards the last point, the greatest care will have to be taken, for it would be deplorable if the Colonial contingents to return to their homes dissatisfied with the glorious services which they have rendered.

The hungry army of comparatively well-to-do unemployed will have an opportunity within the next few months that should not be overlooked. When the Government annexes the conquered States and their dependencies a large number of offices will be founded in connection with the new scheme of organisation. Many of them will, of course, be only of a temporary nature, and most of these will be allotted to military men on the spot. There will, however, be a multitude of others for which both civilians and retired officers will be eligible. Those who can see furthest into the future, and can spy a profitable berth before it is "materialised"—to use a term common in spiritualism—will attach themselves firmly to the Colonial Office and War Office for the next few months.

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The Hon. Hedworth Lambton, C.B., of the *Powerful*, has been presented by the tenants and officials on the Lambton estate with a massive silver cigar cabinet, a service of Irish two-handled bowls, and a gold cigarette case. The plate has been specially designed by the Newcastle house of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., and each piece bears the Lambton arms and the following inscription: "To Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, C.B., of H.M.S. *Powerful*. Presented by the tenants and officials on the Lambton estate, in admiration of the distinguished part he played in the defence of Ladysmith from October 30, 1899, to March 1, 1900"

PRESENTATION TO CAPTAIN THE HON. HEDWORTH LAMBTON, C.B.

"Our Stolen Summer"

MR. AND MRS. A. S. BOYD have produced a very attractive volume—written by the latter and illustrated by the former—to show how pleasant, easy, and in all ways desirable it is to go a-wandering and to see something more than one's own particular little corner of the world. Most of us put off our globe-trotting because we labour under the vain delusion that in years to come we shall have more time and means, whereas later years usually find one less inclined for travel, less able, by reason of multitudinous ties, to be absent. If there is one thing more than another which the authors of this book set out to prove, it is that now is the time to travel, now, before one grows old and rooted and unable to find pleasure in strange lands, strange manners, strange customs. The authors of this book, while they made the complete grand tour, and have recorded their impressions with pen and pencil in most entertaining fashion, never attempt to be learned about the countries they visited.

tales, on the whole, are well told, the concluding one being—as it always should be—the best of them all.

There are few men better qualified to write on Association football than Mr. N. L. Jackson. As far back as 1875 he started the Finchley Football Club. In '79 he was elected on the committee of the Association, and in '81 was appointed assistant-secretary. He was one of the founders of the Corinthians, and he it was that suggested the idea of the London Charity Cup to Sir Reginald Hanson. His book, "Football Association" (Newnes), will delight all footballers. In it will be found the history of the game, biographies and portraits of the principal officials of the Association, the performances of the leading clubs and players, and an able disquisition on professionalism.

"Mr. Blackburn's Games at Chess" (Longmans), selected, annotated and arranged by himself, and edited with a biographical sketch and a short history of blindfold chess by P. Anderson, will prove an interesting and valuable work to experienced chess players and an instructive one to novices.

They never assume that a week's visit to a new continent enables them to disparage its social fabric as is the usual way with globe-trotters, but they have produced a most agreeable volume of *impressions de voyage* (some chapters of which, by the way, have appeared in *The Graphic*), which should start many packing their trunks in the hope of having half as pleasant a trip. ("Our Stolen Summer." By Mary Stuart Boyd. Illustrated by A. S. Boyd. W. Blackwood and Sons.)

Three Books on Sport

"CINDER-PATH TALES" (Richards), by William Lindsey, is a collection of short stories told by an English "sprinter" who emigrates to America, and there becomes a professional runner and trainer. The volume opens with a story of the Anglo-American Sports in London, after which the hero tells how he became a "pro" in the States. In that character he has some amusing experiences, in most of which his pupils manage to get the better of their "slim" opponents. The

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WHITSUNIDE HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN COMPANY announce cheap excursion fares as follows:—On June 1, to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places in Scotland; also to Liverpool, Blackpool, Southport, the English Lake District, Isle of Man, &c.; on June 2, to the Isle of Man; also to Birmingham, Coventry, Walsall, Wolverhampton, &c.

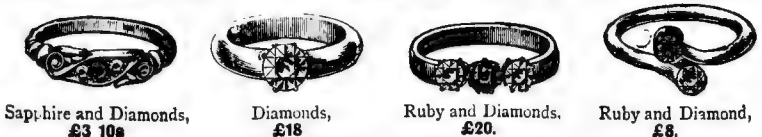
THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY announce that a special 14-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Express Day Service on June 2, also by the Express night service on June 1, 2, and 3.

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THE MIDLAND RAILWAY will run cheap excursion trains to Dublin, Cork, Killarney &c., via Morecambe on June 1; also to Londonderry, June 2; to June 1, to Carlisle, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, &c.; on June 1 and June 2, to Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, &c.; on June 2, to Leicester, Nottingham, Lincoln, Birmingham, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Blackpool, Blackburn, Bolton, Oldham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Southampton, Newcastle, Carlisle, &c. On June 4, to St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford and Kettering; to Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham and Birmingham.

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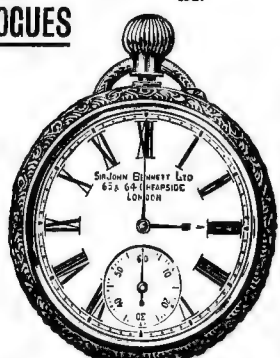
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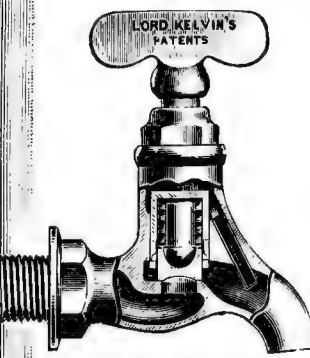
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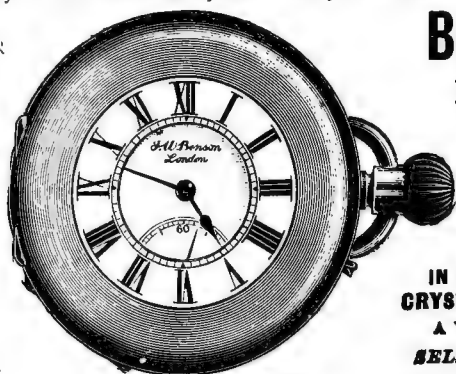
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

JUNE has come, undecked by Ceres. The customary wheat ear is not to be found. Southern markets such as Lewes, Chichester, and Dorchester, are as innocent of "an exhibit" as London or markets still further north. This is in great contrast with forward years like 1893 and 1863. But the same veteran observer whom we have to thank for the note of the two years which, at a thirty years' interval, were the most forward he had known, remarked that in 1874 the season was nearly, if not quite, as late, and yet a big wheat crop was secured. It must, however, be observed of 1874 that the meadows were deficient in hay and that oats were the smallest yield per acre for many years. Wheat and barley were the crops of the year. Mangolds and swedes did by no means badly, but there were hardly any turnips. As in this year so in 1874 the April and May were both dry and the latter month was very bleak as well. Looking round an average farm on June 1, we find the wheat thin and backward but decidedly improved in colour from the middle of May. Rye is just coming into ear. Barley and oats are unpromising, but the clover leys are a good colour and healthy. Trefoil is coming on well, and in sheltered slopes that look towards the south is nearly in bloom. The root crops have made a wretched start, but strawberries and bush fruit have improved, and with a favourable three weeks from now may yield well. The promise of the orchards, on the other hand, is not what it was a

fortnight ago. In the park and the garden the chestnuts, laburnums and lilacs are going off bloom, and the short duration of the blossom is no good sign of the season.

STANDARD MILK

A sense of justice, no less than a sense of humour, should make us side with the milkman who is prosecuted for keeping an adulterated cow. If he can prove that the milk came from the cow of the ordinary species, the one whose tail is not metallic, it is hard indeed if the milk should still be condemned. At the same time it has been known for quite a long while that there are cows going about amongst us, so to speak, who do little but give the adulteration laws away. They may be comely and prepossessing creatures enough to look at, but the milk they give is quite three per cent. weaker in fattening elements than it should be. Not only do they deceive the household which patronises them, but they render it possible for a neighbouring milkman to water the product of his kine by three per cent. The Government have not seen their way hitherto of dealing with the point, but there is some hope that Mr. Long's advisers will shortly be able to formulate a plan. If it becomes operative at the end of 1901 it will serve, for we imagine it must have Parliamentary sanction. The scheme is simply to abolish all such unpleasant words as "adulteration," "fraud," and the like in connection with the dairy, and to require a Government standard of fattening material in the dairy produce sold under the respective names of "milk," "butter," and "cheese." These

terms would become for the purposes of the new Act registered trade marks.

CREAMERIES

Most Londoners connect a creamery with the idea of a high-class tea-shop, but there is also another type of creamery, one to which the hopes of many farmers are turning. Complaints that English farmhouse butter does not compare as a level sample with Brittany butter are often put in the very unfair form of a supposition that while the English farmer simply muddles along somehow the Brittany farmer is altogether smart and up to date. Those who have visited Breton farms will compare them rather with the west of Ireland than with prosperous and domestic Surrey or Sussex. The Brittany butter is the product of the creamery, that is to say, the industrial middleman's dairy in which the butter received from the farms is made up into the level sample so much in request with grocers, "stores," and with private customers. There is every reason for pursuing the same policy in this country. Division of labour in this as in other matters is the policy which leads to profit. In dairy matters this is peculiarly so, for in nothing is interruption more serious. But on the small farm, where there is also a dairy, those engaged in the latter are continually liable to be called on or interrupted. The counties which are showing the way in the establishment of co-operative creameries lie in the pastoral half of the island, but they ought rapidly to extend to the Home Counties, and they would be of immense service in East Anglia, where the butter and cheese are quite needlessly bad, and the finer arts of dairying appear to be lost to the average farmer.

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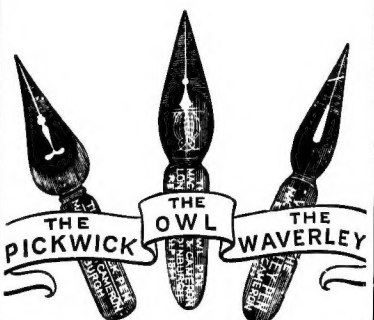
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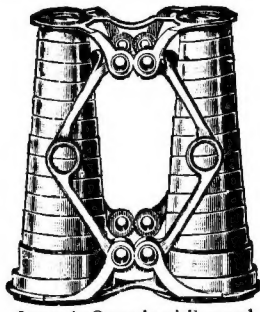
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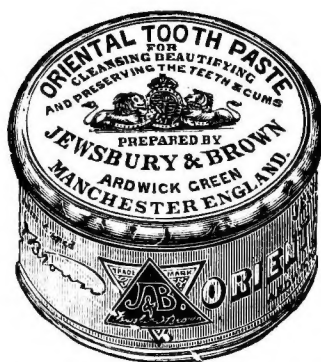
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